THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Magazine
Franklin

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DRAWN BY SARAH S. STILWELL

The Case of Mr. Carden—By Robert W. Chambers

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PLAYER FOLK

No Mistake Here

MR. LOUIS JAMES combines with the talent for practical joking a temper of the kind that not infrequently is observed to go with it. Some time ago the proprietor of a Texas hotel he had just left requested him by telegraph to return certain sheets and towels which, as the message read, had been "taken by mistake." Mr. James brought suit for libel, as newspaper readers will remember.

Shortly after that he was taking a one-night stand in a Western town in which the proprietor of the hotel was a friend of his. He was delayed in his arrival, and, as he had to leave for the next stand at the end of the performance, he went to the general washroom instead of to his own apartments. The proprietor politely but persistently begged him to go upstairs to wash, urging that no charge would be made for the rooms.

When Mr. James opened the door he discovered the reason. The towels were lashed to the rack with clothesline, the soap was nailed to the washstand, and a huge anchor suspended from the head of the bed held the pillow-shams firmly in place. Mr. James tells the story on himself, and professes gratitude for the fact that he yielded to the proprietor's entreaties.

Fame and the Actor

NOTHING as sensational has happened for years in the theatrical world as Dallas Welford's success in Mr. Hopkinson, and nothing quite as charming as the manner in which he has taken it. Though the piece is by R. C. Carton, author of Liberty Hall and Lord and Lady Algy, and ran two hundred nights as played by James Welch, the London actor-manager, it had been refused by most of the New York managers on the ground that it was too English in tone to appeal to Americans. It is about a vulgar little grocer's clerk, who falls heir to an immense Australian fortune, and how he tries to buy his way into "Society" by the aid of a Duke and Duchess who need the money. Mr. Welford, however, had never been heard of in America, and, even in London, he was known only as having made a single personal hit in a play that disastrously failed.

With his first entrance on the stage, however, it was evident that he was an actor of sound methods and a strong feeling for character. From the moment the house saw his round fat cheeks, his pig eyes and his absurdly swagger little person, it began to laugh, and it never stopped until the final curtain. It is predicted that the run of the play will rival that of Charley's Aunt, and early in the play's history the house was sold out for four months in advance. Most remarkable of all is the fact that the play is not a mere irresponsible farce of the conventional order, but a real study in character and social life. Mr. Hopkinson in particular is a marvel of absurd ambitions and absurd economies, of guilelessness and suspicion, of vulgar abasement before the smart world and vulgar selfishness in his attempt to make use of it. Members of the company who played in the London production say that Mr. Welford makes more fun out of the character, and by more legitimate methods, than the English actor-manager who created the rôle.

When Mr. Welford woke up to find himself famous the whole world had taken a turn for himself—except his own head. Though approaching middle life, and the father of two children, he has often, he says, been obliged to borrow a few shillings from his friends from day to day in order to tide him over between engagements, or through the period of rehearsals to the time when his salary began again. And when he made his one personal success in London he found that instead of helping him it stood in his way, owing to the unwillingness of the ring of actor-managers to admit new talent. When he got his present engagement he had to borrow £65 from his American manager, James K. Hackett, to provide for his family and get him across the Atlantic. All this he speaks of quite simply and without reserve, and with unbounded gratitude to the manager and the public that have made him. He has signed a five-year contract with Mr. Hackett, and says that if he never goes back to England he won't pine away, for all his country has meant to him is hardship and false obstacles to his success.

When asked how he felt when he realized that he had come into his own, he replied: "The first thing I did was to buy two sets of the papers, one to be circulated among my family and friends, and the other to be circulated among my creditors. They will be about equally surprised and glad to get them, I fancy. The next thing I did was to cut out the last sentence of one of the criticisms, about the most laudatory, have it framed and hang it up on my wall. It was this:

"'Here's hoping that, if Mr. Welford reads all this praise of him, it won't make him a bad actor by turning his head.'"

A Last Glimpse of Booth

"THE last time I saw Edwin Booth," lately remarked a New York playgoer, "was at The Players after he had left the stage for good. He was standing in the front room just beneath Sargent's full-length portrait of him. Several of us, sitting together about a table, happened to be discussing the correct reading of a certain passage in Richelieu. 'Why not ask Mr. Booth?' some one suggested. So we asked him. He smiled, thought a moment, and then with the familiar gestures, large and fluent, repeated the speech as if he were on the stage. With the last lines he moved backward toward the few steps leading up to the writing alcove above the front door. The last line came as he gained the top step:

The pen is mightier than the sword.

It was not long after this that he died, in the front room, two flights above where we were standing—the apartment he had lived in during his last years, and behind which were Lawrence Barrett's rooms."

Larding the Lean Earth

THE reason why Hamlet failed to put Laertes out of business in the fencing bout, if we may trust a remark of his Queen Mother's, was that he was "fat and scant of breath," and the opinion is strongly supported by a previous prayer of his that his "too, too solid flesh would melt." What he needed was, in Falstaff's phrase, to "lard the lean earth," and lard it persistently. Gymnasiums were then unknown, but if he had lived to-day the story of the play might have been different. In a street off Broadway there is a sign: "Physical Culture, and Corpulency Reduced." The gymnasium within has long been the resort of actresses going the way of the flesh, and it has lately been invaded by women prominent in the social world of Fifth Avenue.

In "the profession" the greatest triumph of this establishment is Lillian Russell, who has benefited so much by its treatment that she has had a gymnasium fitted up at her home. The most important item in her régime, however, is a moderate use of wine—she drinks only a glass or two a day of the mildest claret. According to the physical culturist, Miss Russell is at her best, not in the profuse rice-powder and rouge of her stage make-up, but *au naturel*, as they say of boiled potatoes in Paris—that is, in her own skin.

"You ought to see her," he once exclaimed to one of his fashionable clients, "in her gymnasium clothes, and with the sweat running down her pink cheeks!"

He used to be a champion boxer, but the proudest moment of his life was when, on her farewell appearance, Bernhardt was called the Lillian Russell of Paris.

Another of his pupils is Miss Fay Templeton, with whom, however, he has had less success. One reason for this may be that Miss Templeton is less persistent and faithful in carrying out his instructions, resorting to him only in cases of extremity. This is a sad trial to him, for of all of his pupils Miss Templeton is the one for whom he has the most loyal personal regard. The two great enemies of the youthful face and figure, he says, are drinking with meals and irregular habits.

This culturist uses exercise not only as the enemy of fat, but of others of "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." In the case of serious ailments exercise is the most ticklish of remedies, and the one in which excess is most debilitating; but it is also the most natural, and the one which, if skillfully used, leads most directly to the best results.

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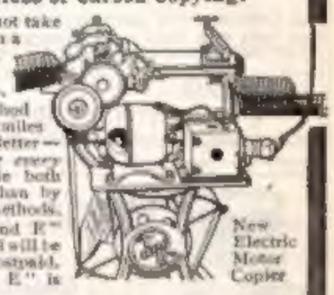

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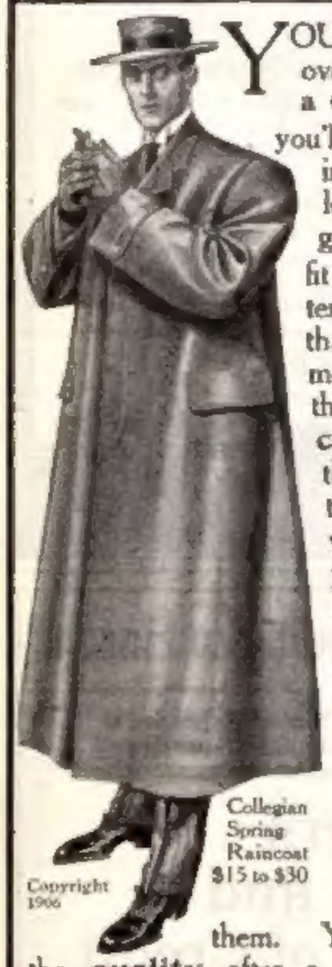

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued today from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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An early issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will contain the first installment of a serial by one of the foremost American novelists. It is a story of the idle rich, bored with money and eager to buy happiness at any price. It happens, also, to be the best love story written in recent years.

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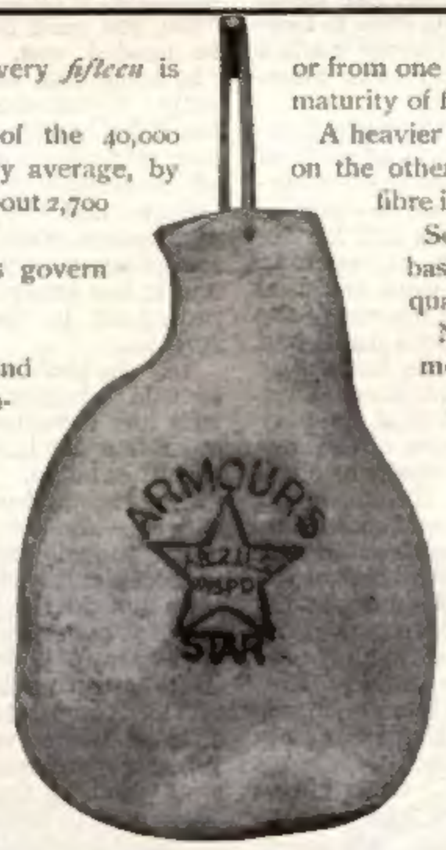

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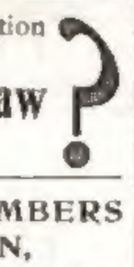

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THE CASE OF MR. CARDEN

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I

MR. KEEN, Tracer of Lost Persons, glanced at the clock, touched an electric bell, then, unhooking the receiver of the telephone, called up the Sherwood Studios and asked for Mr. Carden:

"Is *this* Mr. Carden? Oh, good-morning, Mr. Carden! This is Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons. Could you make it convenient to call—say in the course of half an hour? Thank you. . . . What? . . . Well, speaking with that caution and reserve which we are obliged to employ in making any preliminary statements to our clients, I think I may safely say that you have every reason to feel moderately encouraged."

"You mean," said Carden's voice, "that you have actually solved the proposition?"

"It has been a difficult proposition, Mr. Carden; I will not deny that it has taxed our resources to the uttermost. Over a thousand people, first and last, have been employed on this case. It has been a slow and tedious affair, Mr. Carden—tedious for us all. We seldom have a case continue as long as this has; it is a year ago to-day since you placed the matter in our hands. . . . What? Well, without committing myself, I think that I may venture to express a carefully qualified opinion that the solution of the case is probably practically in the way of being almost accomplished! . . . Yes, I shall expect you in half an hour. Good-by!"

The Tracer of Lost Persons' eyes were twinkling as he hung up the receiver and turned in his revolving chair to meet the pretty young woman who had entered in response to his ring.

"The Carden case, if you please, Miss Smith," he said, smiling to himself.

The young woman also smiled; the Carden case had become a classic in the office. Nobody except Mr. Keen had believed that the case could ever be solved.

"Safe-deposit box 108923!" said Miss Smith softly, pressing a speaking-tube to her red lips. In a few moments there came a hissing thud from the pneumatic tube; Miss Smith unlocked it and extracted a smooth, steel cylinder.

"The combination for that cylinder is A-4-44-11-X," observed the Tracer, consulting a cipher code, "which, translated," he added, "gives us the setting combination, One, D, R-R,-J-'24."

Miss Smith turned the movable disks at the end of the cylinder until the required combination appeared. Then she unscrewed the cylinder-head and dumped out the documents in the famous Carden case.

"As Mr. Carden will be here in half an hour or so I think we had better run over the case briefly," nodded the Tracer, leaning back in his chair and composing himself to listen. "Begin with my preliminary memorandum, Miss Smith."

"Case 108923," began the girl. Then she read the date, Carden's full name, Victor Carden; a terse biography of the same gentleman, and added: "Case accepted. Contingent fee, $5000."

"Quite so," said Mr. Keen; "now, run through the minutes of the first interview."

And Miss Smith unrolled a typewritten scroll and read:

"Victor Carden, Esquire, the well-known artist, called this evening at 6:30. Tall, well-bred, good appearance, very handsome; very much embarrassed. Questioned by Mr. Keen he turned pink and looked timidly at the stenographer (Miss Colt). Asked if he might not see Mr. Keen alone, Miss Colt retired. Mr. Keen set the recording phonograph in motion by dropping his elbow on his desk.

"A brief résumé of the cylinder records follows:

"Mr. Carden asked Mr. Keen if he (Mr. Keen) knew who he (Mr. Carden) was. Mr. Keen replied that everybody knew Mr. Carden, the celebrated painter and illustrator who had created the popular type of beauty known as the 'Carden Girl.' Mr. Carden blushed and fidgeted. (*Notes from Mr. Keen's Observation Book, pp. 201–207.*) Admitted that he was the creator of the 'Carden Girl.' Admitted he had drawn and painted that particular type of feminine beauty many times. Fidgeted some more. (*Keen's O. B., pp. 298–299.*) Volunteered the statement that this type of beauty, known as the 'Carden Girl,' was the cause of great unhappiness to himself. Questioned, turned pinker and fidgeted. (*K. O. B., page 300.*) Denied that his present trouble was caused by the model who had posed for the 'Carden Girl.' Explained that a number of assorted models had posed for that type of beauty. Further explained that none of them resembled the type; that the type was his own creation; that he used models merely for the anatomy, and that he always idealized form and features.

"Questioned again, admitted that the features of the 'Carden Girl' were his ideal of the highest and loveliest type of feminine beauty. Did not deny that he had fallen in love with his own creation. Turned red and tried to smoke. (*K. O. B., page 303.*) Admitted he had been fascinated himself with his own rendering of a type of beauty which he had never seen anywhere except as rendered by his own pencil on paper or on canvas. Fidgeted. (*K. O. B., page 304.*) Admitted that he could easily fall in love with a woman who resembled the 'Carden Girl.' Didn't believe she ever really existed. Confessed he had hoped for years to encounter her, but had begun to despair. Admitted that he had ventured to think that Mr. Keen might trace such a girl for him. Doubted Mr. Keen's success. Fidgeted (*K. O. B., page 306*), and asked Mr. Keen to take the case. Promised to send to Mr. Keen a painting in oil which embodied his loftiest ideal of the type known as the 'Carden Girl.' (*Portrait received; lithographs made and distributed to our agents according to routine, from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.*)

"Strange! Strange, Did You Say? Look Across the Path at That Young Man"

"Mr. Keen terminated the interview with characteristic tact, accepting the case on the contingent fee of $5000."

"Very well," said the Tracer, as Miss Smith rolled up the scroll and looked at him for further instructions. "Now, perhaps you had better run over the short summary of proceedings to date. I mean the digest which you will find attached to the completed records."

Miss Smith found the paper, unrolled it, and read:

"During the twelve months' investigation and search (*in re Carden*) seven hundred and nine young women were discovered who resembled very closely the type sought for. By process of elimination, owing to defects in figure, features, speech, breeding, etc., etc., this list was cut down to three. One of these occasionally chewed gum, but otherwise resembled the type. The other married before the investigation of her habits could be completed. The third is apparently a flawless replica of Mr. Carden's original, in face, figure, breeding, education, moral and mental habits. (*See Document 23, A.*)"

"Read Document 23, A," nodded Mr. Keen.

And Miss Smith read:

ROSALIND HOLLIS, M.D.

Age	24	Figure	Perfect
Height	5 feet 9 inches	Health	Perfect
Weight	160 pounds	Temper	Feminine
Hair	Thick, bright, ruddy golden, and inclined to curl.	Habits	Austere, with a resolutely suppressed capacity for romance.
Teeth	Perfect		
Eyes	Dark violet-blue	Business	None
Mouth	Perfect	Profession	Physician
Color	Fair. An ivory-tinted blonde	Mania	A Mission

"NOTE—Dr. Rosalind Hollis was presented to society in her eighteenth year. At the end of her second season she withdrew from society with the determination to devote her entire life to charity. Settlement-work and the study of medicine have occupied her constantly. Recently admitted to practice, she spends her mornings in visiting the poor whom she treats free of all charge; her afternoons and evenings are devoted to what she expects is to be her specialty: the study of the rare malady known as Lamour's Disease. (*See Note on second page.*)

"It is understood that Doctor Hollis has abjured the society of all men other than her patients and such of her professional confrères as she is obliged to consult or work with. Her theory is that of the beehive: drones for mates, workers for work. She adds, very decidedly, that she belongs to the latter division and means to remain there permanently.

"NOTE (*Mr. Keen's O. B., pp. 916–18*)—Her eccentricity is probably the result of a fine, wholesome, highly-strung young girl taking life and herself too seriously. The remedy will be the *Right Man*."

"*Exactly*," nodded Mr. Keen, joining the tips of his thin fingers and partly closing his eyes. "Now, Miss Smith, the disease which Doctor Hollis intends to make her specialty—have you any notes on that?"

"Here they are," said Miss Smith; and she read: "Lamour's Disease; the rarest of all known diseases; first discovered and described by Ero S. Lamour, M. D., M. S., F. B. A., M. F. H., in 1861. Only a single case has ever been observed. This case is fully described in Doctor Lamour's superb and monumental work in sixteen volumes. Briefly, the disease appears without any known cause and is ultimately supposed to result fatally. The first symptom is the appearance of a faintly bluish circle under the eyes as though the patient were accustomed to using the eyes too steadily at times. Sometimes a slight degree of fever accompanies this manifestation; pulse and temperature vary. The patient is apparently in excellent health, but liable to loss of appetite, restlessness, and a sudden flushing of the face. These symptoms are followed by others unmistakable: the patient becomes silent at times; at times evinces a weakness for sentimental expressions; flushes easily; is easily depressed; will sit for hours looking at one person; and, if not checked, will exhibit impulsive symptoms of affection for the opposite sex. The strangest symptom of all, however, is the physical change in the patient, whose features and figure, under the trained eye of the observer, gradually from day to day assume the symmetry and charm of a beauty almost unearthly, sometimes accompanied by a spiritual pallor which is unmistakable in confirming the diagnosis, and which Doctor Lamour believes presages the inexorable approach of immortality.

"There is no known remedy for Lamour's Disease. The only case on record is the case of the young lady described by Doctor Lamour, who watched her for years with unexampled patience and enthusiasm; finally, in the interest of science, marrying his patient in order to devote his life to a study of her symptoms. Unfortunately some of these disappeared early—within a week—but the curious manifestation of physical beauty remained and continued to increase daily to a dazzling radiance, with no apparent injury to the patient. Doctor Lamour, unfortunately, died before his investigations, covering over forty years, could be completed; his widow survived him for a day or two only, leaving sixteen children.

"Here is a wide and unknown field for medical men to investigate. It is safe to say that the physician who first discovers the bacillus of Lamour's Disease and the proper remedy to combat it will reap as his reward a glory and renown imperishable. Lamour's Disease is a disease not yet understood—a disease whose termination is believed to be fatal—a strange disease which seems to render radiant and beautiful the features of the patient, brightening them with the forewarning of impending death and the splendid resurrection of immortality."

The Tracer of Lost Persons caressed his chin reflectively. "*Exactly*, Miss Smith. So this is the disease which Doctor Hollis has chosen for her specialty. And only one case on record. *Exactly*. Thank you."

Miss Smith replaced the papers in the steel cylinder, slipped it into the pneumatic tube, sent it whizzing below to the safe-deposit vaults, and, saluting Mr. Keen with a pleasant inclination of her head, went out of the room.

The Tracer turned in his chair, picked up the daily detective report, and scanned it until he came to the name

Hollis. It appeared that the daily routine of Rosalind Hollis had not varied during the past three weeks. In the mornings she was good to the poor with bottles and pills; in the afternoons she tucked one of Lamour's famous sixteen volumes under her arm and walked to Central Park, where with democratic simplicity she sat on a secluded bench and pored over the symptoms of Lamour's Disease. About five she retired to her severely simple apartments in the big brownstone office-building devoted to physicians, corner of Fifty-eighth Street and Madison Avenue. Here she took tea, read a little, dined all alone, and retired about nine. This was the guileless, but determined, existence of Rosalind Hollis, M. D., according to McConnell, the detective assigned to observe her.

The Tracer refolded the report of his chief of detectives and pigeonholed it just as the door opened and a tall, well-built, attractive young man entered.

Shyness was written all over him; he offered his hand to Mr. Keen with an embarrassed air and seated himself at that gentleman's invitation.

"I'm almost sorry I ever began this sort of thing," he blurted out like a big schoolboy appalled at his own misdemeanors. "The truth is, Mr. Keen, that the prospect of actually seeing a 'Carden Girl' alive has scared me through and through. I've a notion that my business with that sort of a girl ends when I've drawn her picture."

"But surely," said the Tracer mildly, "you have some natural curiosity to see the living copy of your charming but inanimate originals, haven't you, Mr. Carden?"

"Yes—oh, certainly. I'd like to see one of them alive—say out of a window, or from a cab. I should not care to be too close to her."

"But merely seeing her does not commit you," interposed Mr. Keen, smiling. "She is far too busy, too much absorbed in her own affairs to take any notice of you. I understand that she has something of an aversion for men."

"Aversion!"

"Well, she excludes them as unnecessary to her existence."

"Why?" asked Carden.

"Because she has a mission in life," said Mr. Keen.

Carden looked out of the window. It was pleasant weather—June in all its early loveliness—the fifth day of June. The seventh was his birthday.

"I've simply got to marry somebody before the day after to-morrow," he said aloud—"that is, if I want my legacy."

"What!" demanded the Tracer sharply.

Carden turned, pink and guilty. "I didn't tell you all the circumstances of my case," he said. "I suppose I ought to have done so."

"*Exactly*," said the Tracer severely. "Why is it necessary that you marry before the day after to-morrow?"

"Well, it's my twenty-fifth birthday——"

"Somebody has left you money on condition that you marry before your twenty-fifth birthday? Is that it, Mr. Carden? An uncle? An imbecile grandfather? A sentimental aunt?"

"My Aunt Tabby Van Beekman."

"Where is she?"

"In Trinity churchyard. It's too late to expostulate with her, you see. Besides, it wouldn't have done any good when she was alive."

The Tracer knitted his brows, musing.

"She was very proud, very autocratic," said Carden. "I am the last of my race and my aunt was determined that the race should not die out with me. I don't want to marry and increase, but she's trying to make me. At all events, I am not going to marry any woman inferior to the type I have created with my pencil—what the public calls the 'Carden Girl.' And now you see that your discovery of this living type comes rather late. In two days I must be legally married if I want my Aunt Tabby's legacy; and to-day for the first time I hear of a girl who, you assure me, compares favorably with my copyrighted type, but who has a mission and an aversion to men. So you see, Mr. Keen, that the matter is perfectly hopeless."

"I don't see anything of the kind," said Mr. Keen firmly.

"What?—do you believe there is any chance——"

"Of your falling in love within the next hour or so? Yes, I do. I think there is every chance of it. I am sure of it. But that is not the difficulty. The problem is far more complicated."

"You mean——"

"*Exactly*; how to marry that girl before day after to-morrow. That's the problem, Mr. Carden!—not whether you are capable of falling in love with her. I have seen her; I *know* you can't avoid falling in love with her. Nobody could. I, myself, am on the verge of it; and I am fifty: you can't avoid loving her."

"If that were so," said Carden gravely; "if I were really going to fall in love with her—I would not care a rap about my Aunt Tabby and her money——"

"You ought to care about it for this young girl's sake. That legacy is virtually hers, not yours. She has a right to it. No man can ever give enough to the woman he loves; no man has ever done so. What *she* gives and what *he* gives are never a fair exchange. If you can balance the account in any measure, it is your duty to do it. Mr. Carden, if she comes to love you she may think it very fine that you bring to her your love, yourself, your fame, your talents, your success, your position, your gratifying income. But I tell you it's not enough to balance the account. It is never enough—no, not all your devotion to her included! You can never balance the account on earth—all you can do is to try to balance it materially and spiritually. Therefore I say, endow her with *all* your earthly goods. Give all you can in every way to lighten as much as possible man's hopeless debt to all women who have ever loved."

"You talk about it as though I were already committed," said Carden, astonished.

"You are, morally. For a month I have, without her knowledge, it is true, invaded the privacy of a very lovely young girl—studied her minutely, possessed myself of her history, informed myself as to her habits. What excuse had I for this unless I desired her happiness and yours? Nobody could offer me any inducement to engage in such a practice unless I believed that the means might justify a moral conclusion. And the moral conclusion of this investigation is your marriage to her."

"Certainly," said Carden uneasily; "but how are we going to accomplish it by to-morrow? How is it going to be accomplished at all?"

The Tracer of Lost Persons rose and began to pace the long rug, clasping his hands behind his back. Minute after minute sped; Carden stared alternately at Mr. Keen and at the blue sky through the open window.

"It is seldom," said Mr. Keen with evident annoyance, "that I personally take any spectacular part in the actual and concrete demonstrations necessary to a successful conclusion of a client's case. But I've got to do it this time."

He went to a cupboard, picked out a gray wig and gray side-whiskers and deliberately waved them at Carden.

"You see what these look like?" he demanded.

"Y-yes."

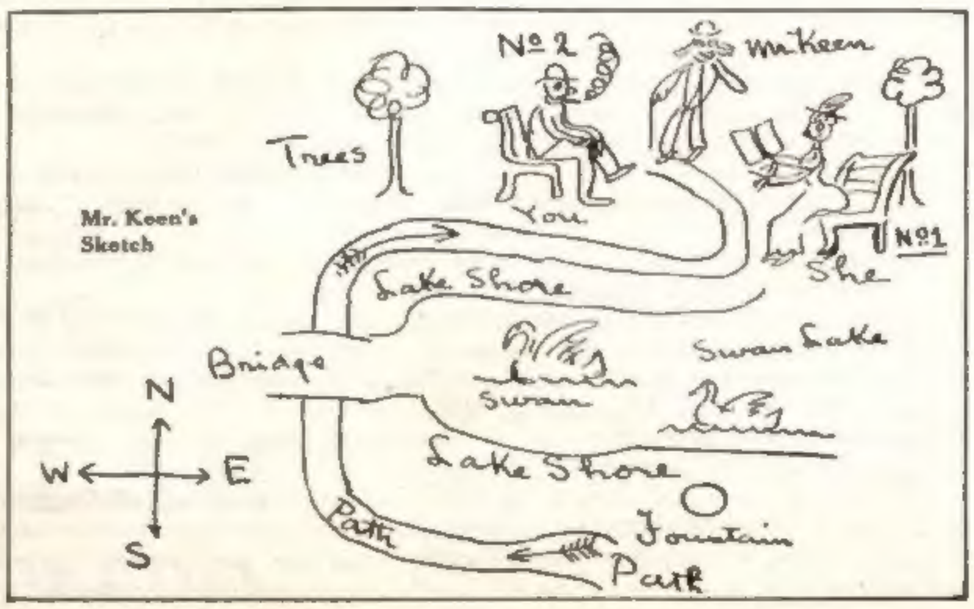
"Very well. It is now noon. Do you know the Park? Do you happen to recollect a shady turn in the path after you cross the bridge over the swan lake? Here; I'll draw it for you. Now, here is the lake; here's the esplanade and fountain, you see. Here's the path. You follow it—so!—around the lake, across the bridge, then following the lake to the right—so!—then up the wooded slope to the left—so! Now, here is a bench. I mark it Number One. *She* sits there with her book—there she is!"

"If she looks like *that*——" began Carden. And they both laughed with the slightest trace of excitement.

"Here is Bench Number Two!" resumed the Tracer. "Here you sit—and there you are!"

"Thanks," said Carden, laughing again.

"Now," continued the Tracer, "you must be there at one o'clock. She will be there at one-thirty, or earlier perhaps. A little later I will become benignly visible. Your part is merely a thinking part; you are to do nothing, say nothing, unless spoken to. And when you are spoken to you are to



acquiesce in whatever anybody says to you, and you are to do whatever anybody requests you to do. And, above all, don't be surprised at *anything* that may happen. You'll be nervous enough; I expect that. You'll probably color up and flush and fidget; I expect that; I count on that. But don't lose your nerve entirely; and don't think of attempting to escape."

"Escape! From what? From whom?"

"From her."

"*Her?*"

"Are you going to follow my instructions?" demanded the Tracer of Lost Persons.

"I—y-yes, of course."

"Very well, then. I am going to rub some of this under your eyes." And Mr. Keen produced a make-up box and, walking over to Carden, calmly darkened the skin under his eyes.

"I look as though I had been on a bat!" exclaimed Carden, surveying himself in a mirror. "Do you think any girl could find any attraction in such a countenance?"

"*She* will," observed the Tracer meaningly. "Now, Mr. Carden, one last word: The moment you find yourself in love with her, and the first moment you have the chance to do so decently, make love to her. She won't dismiss you; she will repulse you, of course, but she won't let you go. I know what I am saying; all I ask of you is to promise on your honor to carry out these instructions. Do you promise?"

"I do."

"Then here is the map of the rendezvous which I have drawn. Be there promptly. Good-morning."

II

AT ONE o'clock that afternoon a young man earnestly consulting a map might have been seen pursuing his solitary way through Central Park. Fresh green foliage arched above him, flecking the path with fretted shadow and sunlight; the sweet odor of flowering shrubs saturated the air; the waters of the lake sparkled where swans swept to and fro, snowy wings spread like sails to the June wind.

"This," he murmured, pausing at a shaded bend in the path, "must be Bench Number One. I am not to sit on that. This must be Bench Number Two. I *am* to sit on that. So here I am," he added nervously, seating himself and looking about him with the caution of a cat in a strange back yard.

There was nobody in sight. Reassured, he ventured to drop one knee over the other and lean upon his walking-stick. For a few minutes he remained in this non-committal attitude, alert at every sound, anxious, uncomfortable, dreading he knew not what. A big, fat, gray squirrel racing noisily across the fallen leaves gave him a shock. A number of birds came to look at him—or so it appeared to him, for in the inquisitive scrutiny of a robin he fancied he divined sardonic meaning, and in the blank yellow stare of a purple grackle a sinister significance out of all proportion to the size of the bird.

"What an absurd position to be in!" he thought. And suddenly he was seized with a desire to flee.

He didn't because he had promised not to, but the desire persisted to the point of mania. Oh, how he could run if he only hadn't promised not to! His entire being tingled with the latent possibilities of a burst of terrific speed. He wanted to scuttle away like a scared rabbit. The pace of the kangaroo would be slow in comparison. What a record he could make if he hadn't promised not to!

He crossed his knees the other way and brooded. The gray squirrel climbed the bench and nosed his pockets for possible peanuts, then hopped off hopefully toward a distant nursemaid and two children.

Growing more alarmed every time he consulted his watch, Carden attempted to stem his rising panic with logic and philosophy, repeating: "Steady! my son! Don't act like this! You're not obliged to marry her if you don't fall in love with her; and if you do you won't mind marrying her. That is philosophy. That is logic. Oh, I wonder what will have happened to me by this time to-morrow! I wish it *were* this time to-morrow! I wish it were this time next month! Then it would be all over. Then it——"

His muttering speech froze on his lips. Rooted to his bench he sat staring at a distant figure approaching—the figure of a young girl in a summer gown.

Nearer, nearer she came, walking with a free-limbed, graceful step, head high, one arm clasping a book.

That was the way the girls he drew would have walked had they ever lived. Even in the midst of his fright his artist's eyes noted that: noted the perfect figure, too, and the witchery of its grace and contour, and the fascinating poise of her head, and the splendid color of her hair; noted mechanically the flowing lines of her gown, and the dainty modeling of arm and wrist and throat and ear.

Then, as she reached her bench and seated herself, she raised her eyes and looked at him. And for the first time in his life he realized that ideal beauty was but the pale phantom of the real and founded on something more than imagination and thought; on something of vaster import than fancy and taste and technical skill; that it was founded on Life itself—on breathing, living, palpitating, tremulous Life!—from which all true inspiration must come.

Over and over to himself he was repeating: "Of course, it is perfectly impossible that I can be in love already. Love doesn't happen between two ticks of a watch. I am merely amazed at that girl's beauty; that is all. I am merely astounded in the presence of perfection; that is all. There is nothing more serious the matter with me. It isn't necessary for me to continue to look at her; it isn't vital to my happiness if I never see her again. . . . That is—of course, I should like to see her, because I never did see living beauty such as hers in any woman. Not even in my pictures. What superb eyes! What a fascinatingly delicate nose! *What* a nose! By Heaven, that nose *is* a nose! I'll draw noses *that* way in future. My pictures are all out of drawing; I must fit arms into their sockets the way hers fit! I must remember the modeling of her eyelids, too—and that chin!—and those enchanting hands——"

She looked up leisurely from her book, surveyed him calmly, absent-eyed, then bent her head again to the reading.

"There *is* something the matter with me," he thought with a suppressed gulp. "I—if she looks at me again—with those iris-hued eyes of a young goddess—I—I think I'm done for. I believe I'm done for anyway. It seems rather mad to think it. But there *is* something the matter——"

She deliberately looked at him again.

"It's all wrong for them to let loose a girl like that on people," he thought to himself; "all wrong. Everybody is bound to go mad over her. I'm going now. I'm mad already. I know I am, which proves I'm no lunatic. It isn't her beauty; it's the way she wears it—every motion, every breath of her. I know exactly what her voice is like. Anybody who looks into her eyes can see what her soul is like. She isn't out of drawing anywhere—physically or spiritually. And when a man sees a girl like that, why—why, there's only one thing that can happen to him as far as I can see. And it doesn't take a year either. Heavens! How awfully remote from me she seems to be."

She looked up again, calmly, but not at him. A kindly, gray-whiskered old gentleman came tottering and rocking into view, his rosy, wrinkled face beaming benediction on the world as he passed through it—on the sunshine dappling the undergrowth, on the furry squirrels sitting up on their hindlegs to watch him pass, on the stray dicky-bird which hopped fearlessly in his path, at the young man sitting very rigid there on his bench, at the fair, sweet-faced girl who met his aged eyes with the gentlest of involuntary smiles. And Carden did not recognize him!

Who could help smiling confidently into that benign face with its gray hair and gray whiskers? Goodness radiated from every wrinkle.

"Doctor Atwood!" exclaimed the girl softly as she rose to meet this marvelous imitation of Dr. Austin Atwood, the great specialist on children's diseases.

The old man beamed weakly at her, halted still beaming, fumbled for his eyeglasses, adjusted them, and peered closely into her face.

"Bless my soul," he smiled: "our pretty Doctor Hollis!"

"I—I did not suppose you would remember me," she said, rosy with pleasure.

"Remember you? Surely, surely." He made her a quaint, old-fashioned bow, turned and peeped across the walk at Carden. And Carden, looking straight into his face, did not know the old man, who turned to Doctor Hollis again with many mysterious nods of his doddering head.

"You're watching him, too, are you?" he chuckled, leaning toward her.

"Watching whom, Doctor Atwood?" she asked, surprised.

"Hush, child! I thought you had noticed that unfortunate and afflicted young man opposite."

Doctor Hollis looked curiously at Carden, then at the old gentleman with gray whiskers.

"Please sit down, Doctor Atwood, and tell me," she murmured. "I have noticed nothing in particular about the young man on the bench there." And she moved to give him room; and the young man opposite stared at them both as though bereft of reason.

"A heavy book for small hands, my child," said the old gentleman in his quaintly garrulous fashion, peering with dimmed eyes at the volume in her lap.

She smiled, looking around at him.

"My, my!" he said, tremblingly raising his eyeglasses to scan the title on the page; "Doctor Lamour's famous works! Are *you* studying Lamour, child?"

"Yes," she said with that charming inflection youth reserves for age.

"Astonishing!" he murmured. "The coincidence is more than remarkable. A physician! And studying Lamour's Disease! Incredible!"

"Is there anything strange in that, Doctor Atwood?" she smiled.

"Strange!" He lowered his voice, peering across at Carden. "Strange, did you say? Look across the path at that poor young man sitting there!"

"Yes," she said, perplexed; "I see him."

"*What* do you see?" whispered the old gentleman in a shakily portentous voice. "Here you sit reading about what others have seen; now what do *you* see?"

"Why, only a man—rather young——"

"No *symptoms?*"

"Symptoms? Of what?"

The old gentleman folded his withered hands over his cane. "My child," he said, "for a year I have had that unfortunate young man under secret observation. He was not aware of it; it never entered his mind that I could be observing *him* with minutest attention. He may have supposed there was nothing the matter with him. He was in error. I have studied him carefully. Look closer! *Are* there dark circles under his eyes—or are there not?" he ended in senile triumph.

"There are," she began, puzzled; "but I—but of what interest to me——"

"Compare his symptoms with the symptoms in that book you are studying," said the old gentleman hoarsely.

"Do you mean—do you suppose——" she stammered, turning her eyes on Carden, who promptly blushed to his ears and began to fidget.

"*Every symptom,*" muttered the old gentleman. "Poor, poor young man!"

(Continued on Page 27)

A Fish's Hornpipe

By Wallace Irwin

As I was wandering alone
  Along the wave-washed dunes,
I heard eleven fiddler crabs
  A-playing pleasant tunes.
All in a row with each his bow,
  As merry as could be,
A fish's hornpipe they composed
  Beside the sounding sea.

And as they squeaked and twanged and tweaked
  The waves began to prance,
As all the folk of Ocean came
  To join the merry dance.
The northern seal he took the eel
  For his cotillon set,
And every minnow seized a fin
  And danced a minnow-et.

The dolphin and the walrus grand
  They made a graceful pair—
But, faith, it was the octopus
  Drove others to despair!
For with his charms of many arms
  His dancing was sublime,
As right among the rest he swung
  Eight mermaids at a time.

A portly whale stood on his tail
  And said: "Miss Anchovy,
I do declare, we're quite a pair!
  Please, won't you dance with me?"
Whereat a shrimp grew pale and limp
  Because a swordfish cruel
Had quarreled about a pretty trout
  And wished to fight a duel.

At this the gentle fiddler crabs
  Were filled with great dismay,
So each one packed his violin
  And bowed and went his way;
The little fishes hurried off
  In violent alarm;
But the merry octopus went home
  With a mermaid on each arm.

THE RUSSIAN BASTILLE

By ERNEST POOLE

(As Told by One of the Prisoners)

I CALLED him "Faust." He was a mouse—brown and very little. He popped up one day through a chink in the heavy gray stones of my cell; he saw me and squeaked and popped down again. And I leaped from my iron shelf-bed and put my head down to the hole—very eager!

For I had been three years alone.

In 1897, for urging the Baltic peasants to rise, I had been seized by gendarmes and thrown into this cell in the Petersburg Fortress—"The Russian Bastille." The cell was six feet square, with a narrow slit-window above. In the morning, black bread and water; at noon, black bread and soup; at night, soup and black bread. No human voices. Only the heavy gray stones.

So now I was eager for that mouse. I tried hard to coax him out with crumbs of bread. And at last, late that afternoon, he came—just his head and his tiny black eyes.

I sat very still. He crept farther, and stood up very straight, and looked at me very frightened.

I did not breathe.

There he stood a long time, and I knew I was on trial. At last he decided I was not very dangerous, so he jumped and took the crumbs. And at this I laughed very hard. And at the laugh—swish!—little Faust's tail went down the hole!

I lay down, to the hole I put my ear, and I heard him squeak, squeak far down in the dungeon walls. And I laughed and laughed—for I had been three years alone.

We became good comrades soon. I taught him to come out when I tapped four times, to march slowly along on his hindlegs, to dance on my hand. How he squeaked with excitement; how his tiny eyes flashed and twinkled; how he liked to eat that bread! I almost taught him, at the end of six months, to march from my hand to my shoulder.

Poor little Faust! He was too greedy for that bread. He grew fatter and fatter. When he stood up to dance, he rolled over and squeaked. And so at last he died.

. . . . . .

Now not a sight or a sound—except tappings. On the steam-pipe of my cell I was always tapping—telegraphing to "politicals" in other cells, with the secret code we had made. Slowly I learned of my comrades. And these are a few of the tales I heard.

. . . . . .

"I was born on my father's estate in Poland. Around the old black castle he owned for many miles the fields and hills and forests; but he himself lived most of the time in Petersburg; he belonged to the Council of the Czar. In our castle I grew up—in no sense a Revolutionist. One tutor taught me French, another German and English, and all they taught was to make me ready for the life at court.

"But I demanded more. I went to the university at Warsaw; I began to study medicine; and this I completed by many years' work in the Medical Institute at Petersburg. My father was proud of me there and he introduced me into court circles, where I had a gay, delightful life; until I was appointed surgeon on the staff of the Grand Duke Alexis. I went with him down to the Caucasus, where he was commander-in-chief.

"And then I began to think of the people.

A Russian Priest

"I lived in the Duke's big castle on a hill. Above me towered black mountains with snowy peaks, below stretched hazy, flowery valleys. It is a radiant country, three times as big as Switzerland and a hundred times more wild. The nine million people are dressed in gowns, with daggers and belts, in gay-colored hoods and turbans. And the women! We called them 'The Diamonds of Russia!'

"But this country was slowly starving to death. In valley huts and mountain cabins I saw frightful poverty, ignorance and disease—all increasing as we slowly ground the people down; as we destroyed the schools that might have lifted them out of disease and ignorance; as we taxed them more and more, seizing their crops when they could not pay—until now whole districts were in famine.

"At the same time, in my position on the Duke's staff, I learned his secrets. Not only was he robbing the people at large, but he was stealing enormous lands from the Armenian churches—striving to blot out the free church and replace it by the old despotic church of Russia.

"Freedom of religion, freedom of speech, of press and of meeting—all were choked. And as the people's anger rose we brought in more troops—until now we had twenty thousand soldiers and Cossacks camped through the valley. I heard these Cossacks in their jovial night carousals boast of theft and murder and rapine—hideous stories of outrages they were committing. They told—and roared with laughter.

"Unhappy country—enslaved like our beloved Poland!

"So I began to think—with four other young nobles who were on the Duke's staff. We read together some of the great books of European freedom; we read the story of that glorious young Russian, Catherine Breschkovsky, who had left her high title and her wealth to help start the struggles for freedom in Russia, and who had been sent to the Kara mines in Siberia, there to remain over twenty years as a convict!

"We became Revolutionists. From Switzerland we secured the secret proclamations of the party then beginning. And these I began to distribute among the soldiers.

"I was helped by a young Caucasian girl, one of the radiant, black-haired beauties of the mountainside. At night I went up to her cabin. To her old sick father I gave medicine; to her I read proclamations. And eagerly she listened.

"'Yes,' she said very low, her rich voice shaking, her big black eyes shining with tears, 'once our beautiful mountains were free! But now we are slaves! Our men are robbed and lashed and beaten—our women outraged! Yes—we must give all—our lives and all—to be again free!'

"Through my help she secured a position in the soldiers' barracks, and began secretly to distribute my proclamations. For many months she worked. At night I met her in her father's cabin. And eagerly, joyously, she told how she was learning to know the soldiers one by one, and how, when she thought each man was ready, she slipped a proclamation into his hand while he sat at the long table eating.

"All went well for several months.

"Then one night into my room in the castle came four of the Duke's gendarmes! They seized me without a word. As they tried to bind me, I fought. One of my friends heard the fight and came running in.

"'Stop!' cried the leader of the gendarmes; 'we have come by order of the Duke. This man is mad!'

"Then I stopped fighting. I stared at my friend and he stared at me.

"The police took me in a carriage at night down to the town in the valley—into the madhouse.

"Not a word of explanation of any kind, but I knew too well my fate. For you, my comrades, know how common are such arrests—'administrative justice' in Russia.

"The scenes in that dark house I will not tell. I was there two horrible months, and the only change I had was to go to the madhouse chapel to confess to the tall, gloomy Russian priest.

"In this chapel one day, up the dark aisle came a gray-hooded figure—bent and stooping. An old woman's voice, high and thin, cried:

"'Good prince! Noble young prince! Once you cured me of the pains in my back. Now give me some more good talk to make me well.'

"'Go away!' growled the old priest. But I looked at him so angrily that he turned muttering and moved off down the aisle.

"The old woman peered close up into my face.

"I started! For out of the coarse, gray hood flashed the big black eyes of the Caucasian girl. She spoke—in short, broken whispers:

"'At last I am—free from prison! Two months ago—a stupid soldier—I gave him a proclamation—he showed it—to his captain! That night—in my hut they came—bound me—beat me—beat my old father—took me to prison! There—four days—four nights—no water—no food. Then again—in they came—beat me till I fainted—with a hot iron they made me wake—they said they would kill me! And then I was too—too weak! I told! And so you are here!'

"She bent and shook with sobs—but sobs without a sound. I was thinking hard.

"'You can still make all right,' I whispered.

Future Free Citizens

An Esthonian Village School

Caucasian Villagers. A Radiant Country, but in Valley Huts and Mountain Cabins are Frightful Poverty, Ignorance and Disease — All Increasing

A Caucasian Monastery of the Eleventh Century. "Most Monks Who Have Striven for Freedom are Thrown into Monastery Prisons; and These are Worse than the Dungeon"

"How eager she was then! How intensely she listened to the plan which I unfolded.

"The next week she came again to the chapel and brought me a little steel file. That night I sawed two of the bars in my cell window. I squeezed through and dropped silently down into the dark.

"Luckily it was grass below. There was no outer wall; I slipped off down the street. And there in a deep shadow she was waiting, with two horses supplied by my officer friends. Together we rode all the night to Batoum. There we took a packet along the Black Sea to the Crimea, and thence by train we went back to my father's estate.

"My noble old mother was wild with joy. Gladly she took the Caucasian girl into her household.

"I wrote to my father all that had happened. When he learned how my views had changed he was very angry and ordered me to stay on the estate.

"But I refused, and came at once to Petersburg to join the secret work here. This was in 1885. Already our party had ten thousand young men and women working quietly day and night all over Russia. In Petersburg the universities were honeycombed. Night after night we held our secret meetings—often until dawn.

"My father was very bitter and refused to receive me. I must earn my own living, so I began practice as a doctor in the workmen's quarters.

"One night I lay exhausted in my room. All day I had worked on a fever case, and all evening I had been in a secret meeting. Just before daybreak I fell asleep.

"I awoke! My room was full of police! I snatched my revolver from under my pillow, fired—and one gendarme dropped—bleeding in the leg.

"The next day, without trial, I was brought bound to this dungeon. Here I have been for thirteen years. And here they say I must stay all my life.

"But now let us not speak of me at any time again. It is for you, comrades, to speak, you who have been in the new revolution work. The work that has grown so tremendous that now I can hardly believe what you tell. Again I feel hope for Russia! So tell me all!"

. . . . . .

"I shall gladly give you fellows all the Revolution news as soon as I can learn this code of yours so that I can speak faster. I am here only for three months, but when I get out I shall teach other newspaper men your code, for others will soon be coming. Perhaps I myself shall secure another invitation; already I have been entertained here three times, but in different parts of the fortress.

"I am called the 'Sitting Editor,' because my vocation is to sit in jail. This new profession has been created since you fellows came to prison. I will explain:

"Two weeks ago a writer on our paper manufactured a delightful story against the Czar. Into our office the next day came a squad of police.

"'Where is this blasphemer?' roared the big police captain.

"'I cannot tell you, sir,' said a tall, thin, solemn-faced man, who sat at the reporters' table busily writing. 'Ask the editor.'

"The squad tramped into the editor's room. As the door closed the other reporters all began laughing and crowding round me, till I became cross at their joking.

"'Don't be so happy!' I growled.

"At that moment out came the police with the editor. And the editor pointed at me.

"'There is the criminal!' he said, 'He wrote the story and had it printed while I was away. Take him! He is discharged from this office!'

"The squad grabbed me and hustled me off. But as we went down the stairs I heard the fellows behind burst into a roar of laughter, and I grew angrier still.

"For I was only the janitor. The real criminal was the thin, solemn-faced man. I suppose he is doing another story now. And another 'Sitting Editor' is on duty."

. . . . . .

"Most monks who have striven for religious freedom are thrown into monastery prisons; and these are even worse than the dungeon here, because every day they make the prisoners come into the chapel and there for hours go through what they call the worship of God. Thousands of monks are now in prisons, for thousands are beginning to strive for the freedom of conscience in Russia.

"Twenty years ago I was a monk in a Baltic monastery. All around us the peasants had been for centuries Lutheran, and now we had been sent to force them to worship the Russian God.

"In a log farmhouse near by there lived a young husband and wife, to whom a baby was born. They resolved that the child should be baptized in the Lutheran way.

"So, only a few weeks after the little girl was born, late one night to their log house came a few of their friends—in secret. With them came the Lutheran school-teacher, who was also a clergyman for peasants. This good old man had come at the risk of imprisonment, but he was used to taking such risks.

"He blessed the child and baptized her, and then he began earnestly to pray, while the peasants kneeled around him.

"Suddenly the door was jerked open! And in strode the Russian priest in his long, black gown. Like all Russian priests, he wore his hair in long locks. Five Russian policemen followed at his heels.

"The young mother screamed and snatched her baby. One instant in terror she paused; then she sprang out the rear door, and ran for the forest.

"But she was still weak. Again and again she sank down. And the police, having beaten and bound all the men, followed her into the forest. They found her half-fainting there in the bushes. Roughly they seized her and brought her back. That night she and her husband were taken to jail and beaten. And her child they took to the house of the priest.

"But even this priest could not see a child starve to death. The next day he persuaded the police to take this 'heretic' mother out of the jail. She was brought with her baby to our monastery prison, and there she was kept for a year. Every day with her child she was brought into the chapel and forced to remain for hours on her knees—'worshiping.'

"So they forced her to learn the Russian religion. Thus they 'saved' the soul of this child.

"At the end of a year the mother pretended to be converted, and then she was freed.

"Converted? Yes—to the Cause of Freedom! What zealous revolutionists she and her husband became!"

. . . . . .

"On our estate near Moscow my proud old father brought me up to scorn these Romanofs. He called them 'impostors,' because they had ruled Russia for only a few hundred years.

"'Low, stupid bourgeois—bah!' he would cry, his gray, wrinkled face growing rigid and red. 'Why should *we* bow to their hand? We who should be in their palaces! We—the rightful rulers of Russia!'

"For our family was descended from the ancient Boyars, who had ruled when the Russians were free men and *elected* their rulers. 'Dark Ages' these times were called in Europe. 'Bright Ages' for us. We have our 'Dark Age' now.

"My old father—how angry he would grow at all this! But how tender he was to me! What glorious rides we had, wrapped in furs in our great low troika dashing over the snow! The jingle of bells and the thud of hoofs! What music! On and on through the deep pine and birch forests, or out for miles over the prairie—miles and miles—and all belonged to us. My father, so haughty toward the court people, was genial and kind to his peasants. As we galloped through one of our little peasant hamlets—twenty log huts buried in the snow—the peasants would run out, first the children, then their parents.

"'Greetings! Ivan, son of Maxim!' my father would shout to some wrinkled, brown peasant.

"'Greetings! Stepan, son of Nicholai!' would shout back the old peasant.

"I thought little. Eagerly I drank in the world's great beauties. For hours on my horse, with an old servant riding by me and the great white dog behind, I rode watching the sun sink larger and larger, till it touched the edge of the prairie and sent a dull red path over the snow. Whole days I spent wandering slowly through silent, gloomy forests—listening!

"In our rich old castle I loved the deep, wild feeling in some of the paintings. My favorite one was a grand old Boyar, armor-clad on his gray horse, surrounded by his warriors, one hand to his eyes, staring off over the prairie, watching the distant foe; and yet he seemed thinking of something else. I loved to watch, as from the tall, narrow

(Continued on Page 24)

A Ten-Year-Old Revolutionist of the Caucasus

AS THE ROMANS DO

A Story of the Man with a Little Muck Rake

By WILL PAYNE

PERHAPS no one besides Lefens could have come to Washington with so absolutely simple a proposition. He was a chemist rather more than he was anything else. Accident had led his mind to glue, and he had never been able to release it from that pertinacious subject. Having stumbled upon the formula, he had patiently studied and perfected it. Now he could make the best mucilage in the world and lay it down at a price full twenty per cent. below what any of the Massachusetts manufacturers could live on. That fact was as firm in his consciousness as the foundations of the earth.

Considering that they were not in a trust, but competitors, the Massachusetts fellows seemed to understand one another astonishingly well. If Lefens' glue sought to attach itself to one important market, the Marblehead Adhesive Company at once cut prices there. If he attempted another large outlet, the Salem Cohesive Company was on hand prepared to give away mucilage. Somewhere else the Cape Cod Neverpart men blocked him. With capital he might have organized a great advertising campaign, and fought the whole Bay State coast. Without capital he saw that he must be content to peddle out his mucilage in an inoffensive and trivial manner, unless he could execute some flank movement.

The Government was a large user of mucilage. Moreover, the legend "Adopted by the United States" ought to be effective elsewhere. So Lefens set out for Washington—just to lay his proposition fairly and squarely before the department heads. If they were honest, they must buy his mucilage, because it was best and cheapest. If they were not honest, naturally that would end it.

His disposition was not rash or impatient. He was prepared to spend three full weeks in trying the experiment. That was early in September: now it was late in November, and he walked very thoughtfully down the sloping street that led to Pennsylvania Avenue. He hated to borrow money, also he hated to give up when a little more perseverance might win.

Loitering uncertainly on the flagging, he looked over mechanically at the imposing flank of the Willard. He perceived afresh that the six weeks he had spent there had been a serious tactical error. He had discovered gentlemen who were abundantly willing to eat and drink, at his expense, the best and most that the house afforded, but he couldn't say that his mucilage had got any further along because he had stayed at an expensive hotel, and the thousand dollars it had cost him was just what he now needed. The trouble was that Washington took so much time. He was not exactly discouraged, for he had never anywhere been exactly rejected. Everybody had been amiable—and put him off. That fair and square grapple with the Government, which had seemed so easy a matter at home, simply would not happen. Everything presented a round, cushioned surface which gently yielded to his contact, then softly rolled him away in all the helplessness of a caromed billiard-ball. He had rolled until he was sore, and his bank-balance was low.

The letter from his wife, received that morning, was warm in his breast-pocket. The kodak picture of herself and the two babies which she had inclosed kept playing enticing little dramas in the back of his brain. Still, he could tell her to come up to her brother-in-law's in Philadelphia, as she had proposed, and could run over there often to see her if he decided to stick to it a while longer.

With that inconclusive thought he turned and entered the office of Harrison & Co., brokers. He walked through the little counting-room, where no pains had been spared to show that the proprietors had money to burn. In the larger room at the rear a half-dozen loafing speculators were watching the stock quotations that a boy posted on the wall. The quotations meant nothing to Lefens, but he regarded them with an air of grave interest, while some of the loafers, seeing him, at once whispered questions to their neighbors. It was Lefens' misfortune that his appearance always inspired this questioning. He was made in a large and comely mold. His ruddy, smooth-shaven, well-featured face, blue eyes and tawny hair, showing the German blood, made him look a bit foreign. In the same innocent egotism which had made him select the most pretentious hotel, he wore a "Prince Albert" coat and shiny silk hat. His appearance, body and raiment, was so fine that men questioned whether he was Apollo or a blockhead, a Senator or a chiropodist out of work.

Gravely regarding the meaningless quotations, Lefens was acutely aware that Tommy Mortimer, manager of the office, was hovering at the large wicket marked "Orders." It was Tommy that he wished to see—tentatively, about that contingency of a loan. Presently the manager's nervous eye discovered him, and Mortimer sang out jocularly:

"We gates, landsman."

Lefens laughed, replied in German, and started with dignified leisure for the wicket. Just then, however, a gross man, with red hair and beard, came in at the back door from the corridor. Mortimer ran to meet him, entered the small private staff at the back with him and shut the door. The man was Congressman Bartholomew.

Lefens walked out to the street slowly. His innocent self-respect still suffered from this Washington way of being so almighty friendly with you, but dropping you like a hot potato the instant somebody that ranked you came in sight. He wouldn't go back to Mortimer now, so there was nothing in particular to do at present except go over and climb to the top of the monument and down again. This was good to reduce his fat, and to kill time in an inconspicuous and inexpensive manner. This was his forty-seventh ascent. The guard greeted him with a joviality which he didn't quite like.

He didn't quite like, either, the friendliness of the waiter at Schoenhofen's. He had first dropped in at the restaurant, of an afternoon or evening, with a few amiable acquaintances, and was accustomed to spend considerable money. Of late he regularly lunched there on wienerwurst and a glass of draught beer, and often as modestly dined there. He liked the wienerwurst, but was unpleasantly aware that the warming and descending scale of the waiter's manners nicely corresponded with the decline of his bank-account. It seemed that if he went actually stone-broke the waiter would embosom him like a brother. There was a reason, besides the wienerwurst, why he stuck to Schoenhofen's. The restaurant, with a curio-laden bar in front, and many bibulous couplets in German doggerel painted on the dingy walls, was on Pennsylvania Avenue, just around the corner from Harrison & Co. Tommy Mortimer often ran in there for luncheon. In fact, Lefens had first met him there, and two or three newspaper correspondents who might presumably do the mucilage a good turn some time or other.

To-day the smoking sausages and krout had scarcely been deposited before Lefens when Mortimer bustled in. As luck had it, there was nobody more promising in sight, so he made for the chair across the thick-set little table from Lefens. The waiter ran to pull out the chair and deferentially dusted it with the napkin that he had just wiped Lefens' plate with, while two other waiters, each with an arrested hand to the back of a chair, looked on gloomily as they thus saw Tommy's liberal tip escape them.

The broker was no older than Lefens. One could see that he was going to be fat. His small, dark mustache was jauntily twisted up at the ends. His broad good nature seemed only another way of expressing his abundant ability to find his way about. It was this same cheeky air of worldly capacity that had attracted Lefens to him.

Business at the office had been fairly ideal of late, with many amateurs going long of the market, and some heavy weights going short—thereby enabling Tommy to charge his longs interest for carrying their stocks, which his shorts relieved him from the necessity of carrying. The manager, therefore, was in an expansive mood, and Lefens presently told him the whole story of glue.

"Why, you're a sucker, old man!" said Tommy genially. "You'll never get anywhere that way in a thousand years. These guys ain't buying glue for their health. What's your company's capital stock?"

Lefens told him there was no company.

"Organize one," said Tommy. "Make the capital stock two hundred thousand dollars. Give forty-nine per cent. of it to the guys that do the buying. You'll have the Government buying mucilage to caulk war-ships with. That's the way to do it."

Lefens was silent. He had heard of such things, but they were not included in the scheme of the simple experiment that he was prepared to try. He cut a sausage mechanically. Tommy's easy, matter-of-fact glibness impressed him. This man knew the way about. He half supposed that he was the mere blockhead that Tommy genially alleged him to be; that Tommy's way was, in fact, the only way; that he might go on caroming from third assistant secretary to chief clerk until the end of time, always to be received with a smile and shunted off somewhere else, unless he adopted the approved method. Probably that was the way the Massachusetts fellows got their mucilage to stick. He ate the sausage pensively.

"You ought to see my books, old man," said Tommy, "with the private secretaries that take a flyer when Congress is going to do something. Dough's what counts. You want to get hold of a man that knows the ins and outs. See? Knows who really has the say-so when it comes to buying glue. Lef, you are playing on a dead card."

Tommy seemed genuinely sorry for him, but still kept alert an eye outward—so that he leaned back presently with his mouth full of food and waved a comradely hand at a spare, elderly man who was entering.

The elderly man, Bushnell, waved back good-naturedly, loitered a moment beside them to pass a joking word with Tommy and nod to Lefens—who again was subtly wounded because here in the midst of their confidential talk the

broker warmly invited the correspondent to sit with them. Bushnell, with unimpaired good nature, shook his head, however, and went to a solitary table in the corner.

"Old Bush would tell you a few things," said Tommy, resuming their talk quite as though he had never proposed to interrupt it. "He could tell you how things are done here."

Lefens looked thoughtfully at the correspondent. He had had him in mind more or less before, feeling that he knew all about Washington. Now, as Bushnell adjusted his eyeglasses leisurely and scanned the bill-of-fare, his ripe experience seemed some way to indorse what Tommy had said. A sort of dull anger possessed Lefens' mind. He thought astutely: "I'll just find out whether they are rascals."

"Where would I get hold of a man that knows the ins and outs?" he asked plumply.

Mortimer was scarcely prepared for the question. For a moment it left him at a loss, but his wits were active. "Why, Johnny Wesner's the man," he said decisively. "Come around to-morrow and I'll put you next him. I want to ask Bush something." He left the table abruptly and went over to the correspondent, with whom he began talking busily.

"Maybe if I advertised in the papers for a bribe-giver it would be as well," Lefens thought—it seemed so free and easy, so much a matter of course.

He had no intention of doing anything more than to find out for his own satisfaction whether rascality was the accepted rule. It would be worth while for a man to know. So he met Wesner.

Three weeks after the original encounter he was sitting in Wesner's office. It was very familiar ground to him then. Wesner, he knew, had once been a newspaper correspondent himself, then had been secretary to a Congressional commission for a while. Since then his activities had been of a mysterious character. He occupied two rooms in a large office building. The sign on the outer door said simply, "J. Wesner." He was about forty, his tendency to flesh already well developed. His complexion was swarthy, his stiff hair nearly black, his eyes a dark and rather muddy gray. His nose had been broken. The scar and the flatness of the organ gave his face, at first glance, a somewhat sinister suggestion. He dressed and lived expensively; and as he sat at the desk facing Lefens, lounging back in the chair, one foot crossed over a stout knee, he folded his arms as though he were quietly hugging himself, a favorite attitude.

"We'll get to work to-morrow then," he was saying. "You've got a pretty good proposition. We ought to be able to do something with it." He spoke very quietly, always in a low, even tone, almost as though the conversation bored him, and this heightened the effect of an immense reserve force which he managed to give.

Wesner had shown no enthusiasm, had promised nothing, had urged nothing. He had simply said in that phlegmatic, half-bored way that certain steps which were suggested ought to bring results. Lefens was vaguely aware that this same immovable indifference had hypnotized him. From the first it had seemed to say in a manner more penetrating and convincing than speech: "Here are the Government's orders for mucilage if you care for them; if you don't care for them we will drop the subject." Always before, even when he first came to Washington with high hopes, the accomplishment of his desire had been merely a possibility, a stroke of good luck that might befall. In Wesner's hands he had seemed to see the accomplishment lying tangibly before him, fairly asking to be picked up. He had taken to spending his evenings figuring the profits on such and such a number of tons of mucilage. It was certainly irritating to see the corrupt Massachusetts fellows walking off with it all under his nose. There came a time when he was glad that Wesner had merely smiled and shook his head in reply to his early questions as to the precise details of obtaining the orders. If a fellow were going into it, it would be pleasanter to leave details to Wesner.

He lingered a moment in the chair at the end of the lobbyist's desk. It seemed there should be something more to say, yet obviously there wasn't.

"I want to get it settled as soon as I can," he observed incidentally. "I haven't had time yet to go up to Philadelphia and see my wife and children."

"Go whenever you like," said Wesner coolly. "This will take time."

He might have expected that. Even when it came to the inevitable bribery, Washington moved deliberately. Nevertheless he did not wish to go to Philadelphia until he had a final report from Wesner.

Outside, he went over to Pennsylvania Avenue and bought a small account-book, such as one might carry in his pocket. He was rather critical about it, rejecting several before one that suited him was offered. He was aware that his deliberation over so small a purchase amused the fluffy-haired young lady who waited on him, but he minded that very little. The book he selected was bound in black leather with good, firm paper, but no gilt on the edges. He didn't wish one with gilt. He had it wrapped up and carried it in his hand to his inexpensive and untidy lodging on P Street. There he locked the door, put a new pen in the holder, and wrote in the front of his book: "Mit Gott."

His hand formed the long unfamiliar German script slowly and clumsily. He did not know exactly why he wrote it in German, any more than he knew exactly why he wrote it at all. They had found just such a little account-book under the rug in the bottom of his grandfather's safe, wherein the old village grocer had recorded various short weights in sugar and dubious transactions in poultry. His grandfather's sudden demise had constituted the first sharp contact of his boyish mind with the great unknown, and the little hidden account-book "Mit Gott" had been invested with a fearful significance. Of course, he knew it was nonsense if he chose to stop and reason about it. Nevertheless, he wrote in his little black book that he had formed a company under West Virginia laws, to which he would assign his glue business and the patents, giving Wesner forty-nine per cent. of the stock to bribe with. He added only one explanatory line: "No one can get the Government's business any other way."

The loan that Teddy Mortimer was making him need not go in the book, as the fifteen hundred dollars were only for his own and Wesner's cash expenses. When he went to lock the book in his trunk he took out a well-worn envelope, and drew from it a small, unmounted kodak picture. This showed a smiling, fresh-faced young woman sitting on some steps holding a baby on her knee, while a sturdy urchin of three stood beside her. The innocent figures seemed about to speak to him, to extend fond hands. Looking at them, he realized how very far afield he had gone in this pleasant, leisurely city. He put the picture in his book, "Mit Gott," and locked it in his trunk. He didn't intend to see them until the business was settled.

"Go Whenever You Like," Said Wesner Coolly. "This Will Take Time"

But the business was mortally dilatory about getting itself settled. He had to make larger and larger drafts upon his big store of patience. His face subtly lost its wholesome hue. Lines deepened in it. Anxious shadows clouded his fresh blue eyes. Certainly, it was perfectly matter of course; he was doing only what everybody did; yet, as he was aware, lightning sometimes did strike; once in so often a victim was demanded. Wesner's expert hand might slip. His heart took to acting badly. In the morning it would beat with painful rapidity until he could get hold of his newspaper and run feverishly over the headlines to see whether there was an exposé of glue bribing. Sometimes, if a strange man looked straight at him, his nerves fluttered unpleasantly. In his untidy lodging he dramatized over and over scenes in court, or before investigating committees, with himself on the witness-stand. In these dramas he always came out triumphant, always astutely dodged the incriminating questions. Still, they were bad for his nerves. "Mit Gott" he did not blink the fact that he was engaged in the fearsome business of bribing the officers of the United States.

He didn't wish to know the details. Wesner didn't wish him to. The lobbyist had said frankly that everything must be left to him; Lefens must wait until he sent word. Perhaps Lefens' best virtue was patience. He waited, never bothering his agent, mostly forsaking the places that had known him.

He did occasionally revisit Schoenhofen's for the cheap and tempting wienerwurst. One day Tommy Mortimer saw him there, and came over to his table with characteristic abruptness.

"Where you been keeping yourself, old man?" he asked cheerfully as he dropped in the chair.

Lefens answered evasively.

"I've had it on my mind to look you up," said Tommy, and for a moment he appeared worried. "I told you about Johnny Wesner, you know, and I thought maybe you might do some business with him."

"We've talked of it a little," Lefens replied.

"Well, that's all right." Tommy was evidently relieved. "I meant to have another talk with you before you tied up with him. Been so rotten busy, you know, and it sort of slipped my mind. Now, Johnny Wesner's all right, you understand, when it comes to knowing the ropes. He's a good friend of mine, too. But I want to put a flea in your ear that he's on the make something fierce. So whatever you do with him, just keep the puddin'-string tight in your own fist. Understand? Don't go to paying Johnny the freight before he delivers the goods. See? Johnny's all right, you know, but, between us, if you was to lend him your watch he might lose it before he could remember to give it back. I just want to put you straight on it, Lef. See?"

"I will remember," said Lefens.

Tommy patted his shoulder quite affectionately and went back to his own table. Lefens helped himself to some krout, which, however, his eyes did not see.

He was not angry. He understood that Mortimer meant well enough. His feelings were hurt. It was simply another Washingtonian instance of the glad hand and the callous heart. Tommy called him "Lef," but in the broker's acquisitive mind "Lef" and the little glue business were something to be thought of only when there was nothing more important in hand. He had pledged some of the stock of his new West Virginia company to Tommy to secure the little loan. He understood that Tommy would still pat him on the shoulder—and take his stock if he didn't pay the loan.

He went on eating mechanically, with his customary deliberation. From time to time he looked furtively toward the corner where Bushnell was lunching. The correspondent did not look his way, however, and he could not quite bring himself to the point of going over there.

It was some four hours later that, weary with aimless wandering, he toiled up the steps to the Washington bureau of the great metropolitan daily that Bushnell represented. The correspondent was preparing to go home, but received him in his belittered den, which was pervaded by the clicking of typewriters and telegraph instruments in the larger room adjoining.

"Mr. Bushnell," said Lefens, "I came up to ask you about John Wesner—as man to man," he added.

The correspondent's intelligent eye dwelt speculatively upon the large, comely figure, noting the new lines in the face, the troubled shadows in the once bright blue eyes, even the oddly formal way in which he held the silk hat, now a little the worse for wear, on his knees.

"John Wesner," he replied calmly, "is mostly a sneak-thief. He has ability and a large acquaintance, and a certain standing with a certain element in Washington. He was once the tail of a real lobby. Since then he has got his living largely by catching suckers—fellows who come here with a special bill they want passed, or a contract they want put through, and who think they must have a lobbyist to do it. John takes their money and puts it in his pocket, and as they gave it to him to be used dishonestly they dare not bring him to book. Several other gentlemen make easy incomes in this same line. So many people, you know, are imbued with the foolish idea that Washington is all corrupt; that you can't do anything here without bribing somebody. They deserve to be plucked. Personally, I rather approve of John."

"You don't think that's true, Mr. Bushnell—that it's all corrupt?" Lefens asked simply.

"It isn't true at all," said the correspondent. "Of course ——" He hesitated a moment over the choice of words. "Very many interests are very strongly intrenched here; have acquired a sort of vested right in the Government, as you might say." He regarded the young man good-naturedly, discovering a kind of fatherly liking for his simplicity. "You have a new brand of glue, I believe?"

Lefens nodded.

(Concluded on Page 58)

The President as an Advertisement

Exploiting a Chief Executive

By John Elfreth Watkins

THE most potent advertising medium in the United States is the President thereof, whosoever he may be. Immediately upon receiving his nomination he discovers to his surprise that he is the big boomer-in-chief, the promoter extraordinary of ten thousand enterprises, and he sets about to dodge the commercial schemers who would make capital out of him. To begin with, the convention which nominates him booms the city in which it is held; wherefore the Business Men's Association, or Board of Trade, guarantees thousands of dollars to defray all expenses of putting up an auditorium, and what-not. On the instant of his receiving the electric word that he has been nominated, the candidate finds his home town on the boom. The corner tavern takes on the aspect of a real hotel, with a rack of souvenir postal-cards depicting the candidate's homestead and a family group or two. Then, as inauguration time approaches, dozens of tailors throughout the country display in their windows "the only genuine inaugural suit of clothes" to be worn by the people's choice when he takes his oath.

It is a perfectly systematized game, and the Chief Executive is "it" from the time of his nomination until he dies an ex-President. Of course, he does his most strenuous dodging while domiciled in that Mecca for arch-schemers—the White House. His first greeting is a chorus of butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers clamoring for custom. Of late years, however, White House stewards—who personally attend to all of the Executive marketing—are required by an ironclad rule to discontinue the patronage of any merchant proclaiming himself "purveyor to his Excellency, the President," or otherwise announcing that he enjoys the Executive patronage. However, there is a turkey breeder who twice each year receives a generous slice of free advertising from newspapers which religiously announce his gift of the giant bird that is to be the *pièce de résistance* upon the White House menu on Christmas or Thanksgiving Day.

Many journals annually reproduce his photograph holding aloft the Presidential bird.

Mr. Roosevelt has been fighting, tooth and nail, those who use his portrait in advertisements of any character whatsoever. An example as to how he wages his crusade is the recent case of the chamber of commerce of Spokane, which on the title-page of an advertising pamphlet reproduced one of the President's photographs. Immediately the president of the chamber received from the White House a letter requesting that the publication be recalled. Although there was no law compelling them to comply, the chamber of commerce at once canceled their order for 50,000 copies and commenced to call in those already distributed.

Even before his election Mr. Roosevelt found his portrait adorning boxes of cigars which the manufacturers had taken the liberty of naming for him in spite of the fact that he does not smoke. Early in his first Administration an effort was made to copyright the trade-mark "Roosevelt Rose," but the examiner of trade-marks refused to register the title on the ground that a living celebrity is entitled to protection against the use of his name, by others, for trade purposes. After a President's death, however, his name may be registered as a trade-mark by the first comer. Thus have most of our Presidents been immortalized.

The testimonial-seekers are by far the most persistent of these commercial pests, striving to make capital out of the President. There regularly arrived at the White House addressed to Mrs. Harrison a certain cosmetic for the hair, and, although these samples were never seen by her, the manufacturer advertised his product as regularly used by that "lady of the White House." A glove concern sent to President Harrison a sample of its product and the stereotyped letter of acknowledgment from the White House office was the star feature of the concern's exhibit at the Chicago Exposition. Access to the same President was, by some hook or crook, gained by a man who had invented an artificial musk and who, without any warning, daubed the Presidential frock-coat with the ill-smelling concoction, to dispel the fumes of which Mr. Harrison was well-nigh driven to bury the garment.

Just before his inauguration Major McKinley sent to the cigar-stand of a hotel a slip of paper on which was hastily written in his own chirography a brief order for a certain brand of perfectos which he said were the best that he had smoked for a long time. The manager of the stand at once had facsimiles of the note printed, and pasted one on each box of the commended cigars. In a private letter, President McKinley chanced to praise a steamer in which he made a trip on the Great Lakes. Directly afterward the bill-boards of every city in the country were aflame with this testimonial.

Some time ago a firm of piano-makers presented to the nation a grand piano decorated in gold and said to have cost $15,000. It was installed in the East Room of the White House amid ceremony, the president of the firm making the speech of presentation and the President of the United States accepting the gift formally. Then followed several musical selections on the instrument by officers of the firm, the entire ceremony being described in detail in the morning papers. This was one of the best-directed advertising schemes ever effected. The President could not decline what was not a gift to himself but to the nation, and the piano now stands in the great public parlor of the White House, where hundreds of sightseers admire it daily and, of course, observe the trade-mark of the makers.

Far less ingenious, yet far more flagrant, was a piano-advertising scheme to which President Cleveland fell victim. A firm manufacturing those instruments notified him that two thousand of its employees wished to present a handsome piano to Mrs. Cleveland, just as a spontaneous offering. Each individual employee was, with his own hand, to contribute a part of the instrument. Mr. Cleveland, not wishing to offend the two thousand admiring artisans, reluctantly accepted the offer. Generaled by the officers of the firm, the two thousand workingmen with a brass band marched to the railroad station escorting the piano whose destination was conspicuously placarded. There were "appropriate ceremonies" of presentation, and a large number of journals subsidized for the occasion "slopped over" with praise for the most excellent instrument in the land, presented to the first lady of the land. So disgusted were the Clevelands with the performance that they returned the gift. Nothing daunted, the manufacturers directly sent it to a fair and labeled it "Piano used by Mrs. Grover Cleveland."

President Harrison, finding himself similarly trapped, drew his personal check for $10,000 and paid for a seaside cottage which he had accepted from subscribers anxious to boom real estate at a certain resort. The place, of course, enjoyed the boom regardless of the President's expense in saving himself from any obliquity in the transaction, which, by the way, was said to have been engineered by a member of his Cabinet.

Every summer the President is showered by inducements to spend his vacation at this resort or that. He is offered free cottages, free accommodations in the finest suites of the finest hotels, free use of club-houses, yachts or fishing-boats, here and there, if he will *only come!* It might be added: "You are needed in our business, and we need the money!" President McKinley gave Bluff Point, Lake Champlain, a great boom by visiting there in 1897. As soon as he got established at the resort, a railroad announced special excursions at cut rates, and people flocked there to see him and incidentally get acquainted with the place.

Immediately upon hearing rumors of a Presidential tour, railroad men have scrambled over one another in getting to the White House with offers of special trains of luxurious palace cars, stocked with terrapin, canvas-back ducks, artichokes, English hothouse grapes, and what-not; with rare orchids, orange-blossoms and green or blue roses—all free to the President and his party. But Theodore Roosevelt has put the quietus on the railroad advertisers by demanding that he pay his own fare—and it costs twenty or thirty fares for a private car. He has also evaded the summer-resort boomers by rusticating only at his own home in Oyster Bay, or occasionally at his little farm in Virginia. Yet, when abroad on his semi-official tours, the President cannot help booming every hotel which shelters him even for a night, for the apartments in which he sleeps are known ever afterward as "the Roosevelt suite" and demand a premium. Each Washington hotel patronized by a President-elect about to be inaugurated has its "Major McKinley apartments," and so on, furnished in distinctive fashion. Hostelries which have enjoyed Executive patronage do not fail to mention in their circulars those Presidents who have been their guests.

Authors and publishers are by no means backward in trying to use the Chief Executive for advertising purposes. His testimonial upon the front leaf of a book would, of course, be worth thousands of dollars in royalties, and much more in sales. By the mere mention of a character in a certain book, President Roosevelt, in his anti-race-suicide address to the Mothers' Congress, gave the work a tremendous boom.

Twenty-four towns have been named after President Roosevelt. Sixteen of these are called "Roosevelt," five "Teddy," and three "Theodore." Thousands of babies have been called for him since the Spanish War, not to mention probably hundreds of thousands of dogs, cats and horses. Early in his Presidential career he made it a practice to send his autograph portrait to all of the little Theodore Roosevelt Smiths, Joneses or Browns who came to his attention, but he soon found himself paying out each month for photographs a goodly share of his official salary. So he limited the compliment to Theodore Roosevelts whose parents had given substantial evidence to anti-race-suicidal theories. Thus Theodore Roosevelt Spychalski, one of quadruplets, and Theodore Roosevelt Foster, the youngest of fifteen children, have been honored. This namesake business may seem neither here nor there in the theme under discussion, but it nevertheless is an attempt at booming, in a certain subtle sense.

The name of a hero is esteemed for a sort of magic virtue.

But, after all, the luckiest beneficiary of the advertising value conferred by the Presidency is the Chief Magistrate himself. An "author's edition" of Mr. Roosevelt's works, each volume signed by the President, has sold for as much as $3200. Mr. Cleveland was a poor man when he entered the White House, but what money he could rake and scrape out of his salary he invested in real estate in the suburbs of

Songs Without Sense

By Wallace Irwin

The Gray Spooky-spook

The gray Spooky-spook is a creature so weird
  That he frightens himself half to death,
As he shrieks through the midnight and tugs at his beard
  While good folk lie holding their breath;
And he faints dead away till the first dawn of day,
  While his blood runs as cold as a clam,
As he sits in his gloom on the roof of a tomb
  And thinks: "How uncanny I am!"

Whee! Gadzook!
For the gray Spooky-spook—
  What a cheerful companion he is!
As he tells, turning green,
Of the murders he's seen,
  Till his knees and his knuckles are friz.

When the gray Spooky-spook has a mind to be gay
  He does what you'd think he would do—
He sits in a graveyard and groans in a way
  That makes all the owls inquire: "Who?"
He tells how his Granduncle Anderson died
  Of poison and hunger and fright;
Then he weeps on your shoulder, remarking with pride:
  "Come, let us be merry to-night!"

Shoo! Gadzook!
For the gray Spooky-spook—
  A jovial character he,
As he tells how it feels
To be hanged by the heels
  Or shot with one's back to a tree.

When the gray Spooky-spook goes to visit the sick
  He then looks especially sad,
As he murmurs: "Tut-tut! change your medicine quick,
  For you're looking most frightfully bad!"
Then he reads you a dirge on cremation and chill
  And the death-rate from sunstroke and sorrow,
And he sighs as he goes: "You seem hopelessly ill,
  But I'm sure you'll feel better to-morrow."

Hist! Gadzook!
For the gray Spooky-spook,
  Who's as cheerful and gay as a pail;
And it gives me a thrill
Of delight, when I'm ill,
  To know that the Spooky will call.

Washington. He occupied one summer home, thereby causing a boom in land values. He sold it at an enormous profit and bought another place with the same result. His purchases gave fashionable importance to the localities where they were made, whether he dwelt upon the property or not. As soon as he moved to Princeton, after his second term, real estate all about his new home took a boom, the magic of the ex-Presidential presence being almost as potent as that of the Presidential. And the literary honorariums of ex-Presidents blast such small fry as novelists with bitter envy. In fact, neither John L. Sullivan, Bill Devery nor Nan Patterson could ever demand such handsome rates for their comments on passing events.

Tales of Thomas Tabb

By Henry M. Hyde

"I'M AFRAID we're stuck for this Stillson account," began old Fergus, the treasurer, shaking his white head despondently.

"What's that?" asked Thomas Tabb, who affected an ignorance which did not usually exist.

"Our New York sales-agents, you know," Rixton explained. "They're owing us $80,000, and I hear old man Stillson has gone broke trying to beat Wall Street. We can't get a cent out of them."

"And when we signed up with them for another year last January," put in Fergus, "the Peters Motor Company offered Stillson a bonus of $75,000 to shake us and take on their goods exclusively. Too bad they didn't accept."

"Peters?" questioned Thomas Tabb, in his most aggravating way.

"That big Detroit concern," Rixton explained again. "They hired away Jordan, our crack New York salesman, you remember, about the time they were trying to make this deal with Stillson & Son. They've opened an office right across the street from ours on Broadway, too."

"I'm going down to New York to-night," said Thomas Tabb, after a moment's thought. "Fergus, make out the papers and I'll see what I can do with it."

The morning the old man reached New York he held a conference with the elder Stillson at his hotel. The sales-agent was desperate, and inclined to be defiant.

"We haven't got a cent," he declared. "Of course, you can throw us into bankruptcy if you want to, but that won't settle your claim."

"There's one other thing I can do," Thomas Tabb put in sharply. "I can have you and your son arrested for embezzlement."

Old Stillson straightened up in his chair and his face grew purple.

"But I don't think that will be necessary," Tabb went on quickly. "If you'll follow my instructions, we'll get what you owe us and leave you in better shape than you are now to continue business. Do you ever see Jordan, your old star salesman?"

"He's with the Peters Company," Stillson answered. "Their office is right across Broadway from ours, and they keep tab on everybody who comes into our place. Part of Jordan's work is to follow them up after they leave our office and try to block our sales."

Thomas Tabb lowered his voice and described in detail the plan he had worked out. As he went on, the sullen expression on Stillson's face gradually changed to a look of shrewd admiration. Finally he got up, shook Thomas Tabb's hand and started back to his office.

"I'll be down about eleven o'clock!" the old man called after him.

On the hour, Thomas Tabb drove down Broadway in a big automobile. The stupid chauffeur started to stop at the office of the Peters Motor Company. Tabb stuck his head out of the auto, on the side nearest the sidewalk, and angrily ordered the man to go across the street. He was seen and identified by Jordan and others in the Peters office. They watched him as he entered the Stillson salesroom and approached the senior partner, who was standing in full view at the big front show-window. It was plain that Thomas Tabb was in an angry mood. The way he spoke to the chauffeur had shown that. Now he was striking the Stillson desk heavy blows with his fist and waving some papers in the face of the sales-agent. Stillson replied with equally angry gestures. They were having a quarrel—that was certain. Jordan called the president of the Peters Company, who was in temporary charge of the New York office, to observe the row across the street. Presently Tabb got up, tore a paper into scraps and threw them on the floor. Then he stalked out, followed to the door by Stillson, who was evidently furious at some insult offered by the old man. Tabb got into his automobile and drove away.

Ten minutes later Stillson looked up from his desk.

"What are you doing in here, Jordan?" he snapped.

The renegade salesman kept back a knowing smile at the exhibition of temper.

Jordan leaned over the desk and spoke in a whisper.

"Meet me at the Astor at two, will you?" he asked.

"Yes," whispered Stillson hurriedly. Then, aloud, for the benefit of the clerks in the office, he went on: "You get out of here, Jordan! I don't want to see you hanging around here again."

As the salesman left, an expression of triumph and of almost superstitious wonder came over the face of Stillson.

Two days later Thomas Tabb again received Stillson in his room at the hotel.

"It worked perfectly," the sales-agent said. "Jordan and Peters saw our quarrel and Jordan came over, right after you left, to invite me to lunch with them. I went. 'Don't you find Tabb a hard man to work for, Mr. Stillson?' Peters began. I held him off for a long time, but finally he came right out and told me his firm was ready to renew the offer they made the first of the year. Finally I let my anger against you blaze out and you should have seen them grin.

"'Tabb tore up my contract and practically threw it in my face this morning, the insolent old dog!' I declared.

"'Then sign one with us,' Peters broke in. 'We'll pay you the same bonus we offered before.'

"Finally I held them up for $85,000. Here's a certified check for what I owe you and I've got $5000 left for myself."

"Now, Mr. Stillson," said the old man, as he pocketed the bit of paper, "isn't this pleasanter all around than criminal proceedings or even a visit to the bankruptcy court?"

Sam Joplin's Epigastric Nerve

An Adventure in Dietetics

By F. Hopkinson Smith

"YOU eat too much, Marny." It was Joplin, of Boston, who was speaking—Samuel Epigastric Joplin, his brother painters called him. "You treat your stomach as if it were a scrap-basket and you dump into it everything you lay ——"

"I do? You caricature of a codfish ball!"

"Yes, you do. You open your mouth, pin back your ears and in go pickles, red cabbage, Dutch cheese. It's insanity, Marny, and it's vulgar. No man's epigastric can stand it. It wouldn't make any difference if you were a kangaroo with your pouch on the outside, but you're a full-grown man and ought to have some common-sense."

"And you think that if I followed your idiotic theory it would keep me out of my coffin, do you? What you want, Joppy, is a square meal. You never had one, so far as I can find out, since you were born. You drank sterilized milk at blood temperature until you were five; chewed patent, unhulled wheat bread until you were ten, and since that time you've filled your stomach with husks—proteids, and carbohydrates, and a lot of such truck—isn't that what he calls 'em, Pudfut?"

The Englishman nodded in assent.

"And now just look at you, Joppy, instead of a forty-inch chest ——"

"And a sixty-inch waist," interjected Joplin with a laugh, pointing at Marny's waistcoat.

"I acknowledge it, old man, and I'm proud of it," retorted Marny, patting his rotundity. "Instead, I say, of a decent chest your shoulders crowd your breast-bone; your epigastric, as you call it—it's your solar plexus, Joppy—but that's a trifle to an anatomist like you—your epigastric scrapes your backbone, so lonely is it for something warm and digestible to rub up against, and your —— Why, Joppy, do you know when I look at you and think over your wasted life, my eyes fill with tears? Eat something solid, old man, and give your stomach a surprise. Begin now. Dinner's coming up—I smell it. Open your port nostril, you shriveled New England bean, and take in the aroma of beatific pork and greens. Don't that put new life into you? Puddy, you and Schönholz help Joppy to his feet and one or two of you fellows walk behind to pick up the pieces in case he falls apart before we can feed him. There's Tine's dinner-bell!"

White-capped, rosy-cheeked, bare-armed Tine had rung that bell for this group of painters for two years past—ever since Mynheer Boudier of the "Bellevue" over the way, who once claimed her services, had reproved Johann, the porter, for blocking up with the hotel trunks that part of the sidewalk over which the steamboat captain slid his gangplank. Thereupon Tine slipped her pretty little feet into her white sabots—she and Johann have been called in church since—and walked straight over to the Holland Arms. Johann now fights the steamboat captain, backed not only by the landlord of the Arms, who rubs his hands in glee over the possession of two of his competitor's best servants, but by the whole coterie of painters whose boots Johann blacks, whose kits he packs and unpacks, whose errands he runs; while Tine, no less loyal and obliging, darns their stockings, mends their clothes, sews on buttons, washes brushes, stretches canvases, waits on table, rings the dinner-bell, and with her own hands scrubs every square inch of visible surface inside and out of this quaint old inn in this sleepy old town of Dort-on-the-Maas—sidewalks, windows, cobbles—clear to the middle of the street, her ruddy arms bare to the elbow, her sturdy, blue-yarn-stockinged legs thrust into snow-white sabots to keep her trim feet from the wet and slop.

Hearing No Response She Pushed Open the Door and Looked In

Built in 1620, this inn of the Holland Arms—so the mildewed brick in the keystone over the arch of the doorway says—and once the home of a Dutchman made rich by the China trade, whose ships cast anchor where Fop Smit's steamboats now tie up (I have no interest in the Line); a grimy, green-moulded, lean-over front and moss-covered, sloping-roof sort of an inn, with big beams supporting the ceilings of the bedrooms; lumbering furniture blackened with the smoke of a thousand pipes flanking the walls of the coffee-room; bits of Delft a century old lining the mantel; tiny panes of glass with here and there a bull's-eye illumining the squat windows; rows of mugs with pewter tops crowding the narrow shelves beside the fireplace, and last, and by no means least, a big, bulky sun-moon-and-stars clock, with one eye always open, which strikes the hours as if it meant to beat the very life out of them.

But there is something more in this coffee-room—something that neither Mynheer Boudier of the "Bellevue" nor any other landlord in any other hostelry, great or small, up and down the Maas, can boast. This is the coffee-room picture gallery—free to whoever comes.

It began with a contribution from the first impecunious painter in payment of an overdue board-bill. His painting was hung on a nail beside the clock. Now all over the walls—above the sideboard with its pewter plates and queer mugs; over the mantel holding the Delft, and between the squat windows—are pinned, tacked, pasted and hung—singly and in groups—various sketches in oil, pastel, water

"Order, Gentlemen! The Learned Bean is Most Interesting and Should Not be Interrupted"

color, pencil and charcoal, many without frames and most of them bearing the signature of some poor, stranded painter, preceded by the suggestive line, "To my dear friend, the landlord"—silent reminders all of a small cash balance which circumstances quite beyond their control had prevented their liquidating at the precise hour of their departure.

Mynheer bowed and smiled as each new contribution was handed him and straightway found a hammer and up it went beside its fellows. He never made objection: the more the merrier. The ice wind would soon blow across the Maas from Papendrecht, the tall grasses in the marshes turn pale with fright, and the lace-frost with busy fingers pattern the tiny panes, and then Johann would pack the kits one after another, and the last good-bys take place. But the sketches would remain and tell the story of the summer to those who came to feast their eyes, and every night new mugs would be filled around the coal-fire, and new pipes lighted—mugs and pipes of the townspeople this time—and, although the summer was gone, the long winter would still be his. No, Mynheer never objected!

And this simple form of settlement—a note of hand (in color), payable in yearly patronage—had not been confined to modern times. Many an inn owed its survival to a square of canvas—the head of a child, a copper pot, or stretch of dune; and more than one collector now boasts of a masterpiece which had hung for years on some taproom wall, a sure but silent witness of the poverty of a Franz Hals, Wouverman or Van der Helst.

Each year had brought new additions to the impecunious group about Mynheer's table.

Dear old Marny, with his big boiler amidships, his round, sunburned face shaded by a wide-brimmed, slouch hat—the one he wore when he lived with the Sioux Indians—loose red tie tossed over one shoulder, and rusty velveteen coat, was an old habitué. And so was dry, crusty Malone, "the man from Dublin," rough outside as a potato and white inside as its meal. And so, too, was Stebbins, the silent man of the party, and the only listener in the group. All these came with the earliest birds and stayed until the boys got out their skates.

But the others this year were new. Pudfut, the Englishman, first—in from Norway, where he had been sketching on board some lord's yacht—he of the grizzly brown beard, brown ulster reaching to his toes, gray-checked steamer-cap and briarwood pipe—an outfit which he never changed—"slept in them," Marny insisted.

"Me name's Pudfut," he had begun, holding out his hand to Marny. "I've got a letter in my clothes for ye from a chap in Paris."

"Don't pull it out," had come the answer. "Shake!" and within an hour the breezy fellow, his arm through the Englishman's, had trotted him all over Dort from the Groote Kerk to the old Gate of William of Orange, introducing him to every painter he met on the way, first as Pudfut, then as Puddy, then as Pretty-foot, then as Tootsie-Wootsie, and last as Toots—a name by which he is known in the Quartier to this day. This done, he had taken him up to his own room and had dumped him into an extra cot—his for the rest of the summer.

Then Schönholz wandered in—five gulden a week board was the magnet—a cheese-faced, good-natured German lad with forehead so high that when he raised his hat Marny declared, with a cry of alarm, that his scalp had slipped, and only regained his peace of mind when he had twisted his fat fingers in the lad's forelock to make sure that it was still fast. Schönholz had passed a year at Heidelberg and carried his diploma on his cheek—two crisscross slashes that had never healed—spoke battered English, wore a green flat-topped cap, and gray bobtailed coat with two rows of horn buttons. ("Come to shoot chamois, haven't you?" Marny asked when he presented his credentials.) He laughed three-quarters of the time he was awake, and never opened his kit or set a palette while he was in Dort. "Too vet and too fodgy all dime," was the way he accounted for his laziness.

Last came Joplin—a man of thirty-five; bald as an egg and as shiny. ("Dangerous to have a hen around," Marny would say, rubbing the pate after the manner of a phrenologist.) Gaunt, wiry—jerky in his movements as a Yankee clock and as regular in his habits: hot water when he got up—two glasses, sipped slowly; cold water when he went to bed, head first, feet next, then the rest of him; window open all night no matter how hard it blew or rained; eat three meals a day and no more; chewed every mouthful of food thirty times—coffee, soup, even his drinking-water (Gladstone had taught him that, he boasted)—a walking laboratory of a man, who knew it all, took no layman's advice, and was as set in his ways as a chunk of concrete.

And his fads did not stop with his food; they extended to his clothes—everything he used, in fact. His baggy knickerbockers ended in leather leggins to protect his pipe-stem shanks; his shirts buttoned all the way down in front and went on like a coat; he wore health flannels by day and a health shirt at night ("Just like my old Aunt Margaret's wrapper," whispered Marny in a stage voice to Pudfut); sported a ninety-nine-cent silver watch fastened to a leather strap (sometimes to a piece of twine); stuck a five-hundred-dollar scarab pin in his necktie—"Nothing finer in the Boston Museum," he maintained, and told the truth—and ever and always enunciated an English so pure and so undefiled that Stebbins, after listening to it for a few minutes, proposed, with an irreverence born of good-fellowship, that a subscription be started to have Joplin's dialect phonographed so that it might be handed down to posterity as the only real and correct thing.

"Are you noticing, gentlemen, the way in which Joplin handles his mother tongue?" Stebbins had shouted across the table: "never drops his 'g's,' never slights his first syllable; says '*h*umor' with an accent on the '*hu*.' But for the fact that he pronounces 'bonnet' '*bun*nit' and 'admires' a thing when he really ought only to 'like' it, you could never discover his codfish bringing up. Out with your wallets—how much do you chip in?"

These peculiarities soon made Joplin the storm-centre of every discussion. Not only were his views on nutrition ridiculed, but all his fads were treated with equal disrespect. "Impressionism," "plein air," the old "line engraving" in contrast to the modern "half-tone" methods—any opinion of Joplin's, no matter how sane or logical, was jostled, sat on, punched in the ribs and otherwise maltreated until every man was breathless or black in the face with assumed rage—every man except the man jostled, who never lost his temper no matter what the provocation, and who always came up smiling with some such remark as: "Smite away, you Pharisees; harmony is heavenly—but stupid. Keep it up—here's the other cheek!"

On this particular night Joplin had broken out on diet. Some movement of Marny's connected with the temporary relief of the lower button of his waistcoat had excited the great Bostonian's wrath. The men were seated at dinner inside the coffee-room, Johann and Tine serving.

"Yes, Marny, I'm sorry to say it, but the fact is you eat too much and you eat the wrong things. If you knew anything of the kinds of food necessary to nourish the human body, you would know that it should combine in proper proportions proteid, fats, carbohydrates and a small percentage of inorganic salts—these are constantly undergoing oxidation and at the same time are liberating energy in the form of heat."

"Hear the bloody bounder!" bawled Pudfut from the other end of the table.

"Silence!" called Marny, with his ear cupped in his fingers, an expression of the farthest-away-boy-in-the-class on his face.

Joplin waved his hand in protest and continued, without heeding the interruption: "Now, if you're stupid enough to stuff your epigastrium with pork, you, of course, get an excess of non-nitrogenous fats, and in order to digest anything properly you must necessarily cram in an additional quantity of carbohydrates—greens, potatoes, cabbage—whatever Tine shoves under your nose. Consult any scientist and see if I am not right—especially the German doctors who have made a specialty of nutrition. Such men as Fugel, Beenheim and——"

Here a slice of Tine's freshly-cut bread made a line-shot, struck the top of Joplin's scalp, caromed on Schönholz's shirt-front and fell into Stebbins' lap, followed instantly by "Order, gentlemen!" from Marny. "Don't waste that slab of proteid. The learned Bean is most interesting and should not be interrupted."

"Better out than in," continued Joplin, brushing the crumbs from his plate. "Bread—fresh bread particularly—is the very worst thing a man can put into his stomach."

"And how about pertaties?" shouted Malone. "I s'pose ye'd rob us of the only thing that's kep' us alive as a nation, wouldn't ye?"

"I certainly would, 'Loney, except in very small quantities. Raw potatoes contain twenty-two per cent. of the worst form of non-nitrogenous food, and seventy-eight per cent. of water. You, Malone, with your sedentary habits, should never touch an ounce of potato. It excites the epigastric nerve and induces dyspepsia. You're as lazy as the devil and should only eat nitrogenous food and never in excess. What you require is about one hundred grams of protein, giving you a fuel value of twenty-seven hundred calories, and to produce this fifty-five ounces of food a day is enough. When you exceed this you run to flesh—unhealthy bloat really—and in the wrong places. You've only to look at Marny's waist-line to prove the truth of this theory. Now look at me—I keep my figure, don't I? Not a bad one for a light-weight, is it? I'm in perfect health, can run, jump, eat, sleep, paint, and but for a slight organic weakness with my heart, which is hereditary in my family and which kills most of us off at about seventy years of age, I'm as sound as a nut. And all—*all*, let me tell you, due to my observing a few scientific laws regarding hygiene which you men never seem to have heard of."

Malone now rose to his feet, pewter mug in hand, and swept his eye around the table.

"Bedad, you're r i g h t, Joppy," he said with a wink at M a r n y—"food's t h e ruination of us all; drink is

All at Work in the Old Shipyard

what we want. On yer feet, gintlemen—every mither's son of ye! Here's to the learned, livin' skeleton from Boston! Five per cint. man and ninety-five per cint. crank!"

II

THE next morning the group of painters—all except Joplin, who was doing a head in "smears" behind the Groote Kerk a mile away—were at work in the old shipyard across the Maas at Papendrecht. Marny was painting a Dutch lugger with a brown-madder hull and an emerald-green stern, up on the ways for repairs. Pudfut had the children of the Captain posed against a broken windlass rotting in the tall grass near the dock, and Malone and Schönholz, pipe in mouth, were on their backs smoking.

"It wasn't their kind of a mornin'," Malone said.

"Got to sit on Joppy some way or we'll be talked to death," broke out Pudfut as he squeezed a tube of color on his palette. "Getting to be a bloody nuisance."

"Only one way to fix him," remarked Stebbins, picking up his mahlstick from the grass beside him.

"How?" came a chorus.

"Scare him to death."

Everybody laid down their brushes. Stebbins rarely expressed an opinion; any utterance from him, therefore, carried weight.

"Go for him about his health, I tell you," continued Stebbins, dragging a brush from the sheaf in his hand.

"But there's nothing the matter with him," answered Marny. "He's as skinny as a coal-mine mule, but he's got plenty of kick in him yet."

"You're dead right, Marny," answered Stebbins, "but he don't think so. He's as big a fool over every little pain as he is over his theories."

"Niver cracked his jaw to me about it," sputtered Malone from between the puffs of his pipe.

"No, and he won't. I don't jump on him as you fellows do and so I get his confidence. He's in my room two or three times every night going over his symptoms. When his foot's asleep he thinks he's got creeping paralysis. Every time his breath comes short, his heart's giving out."

"That's hereditary!" said Marny; "he said so."

"Hereditary be hanged! Same with everything else. Last night he dug me out of bed and wanted me to count his pulse—thought it intermitted. He's hipped, I tell you, on his health!"

"That's because he lives on nothing," rejoined Marny. "Tine puts the toast in the oven over night so it will be dry enough for him in the morning—she told me so yesterday. Now he's running on sour milk and vinegar—'blood too alkaline,' he says—got a chalky taste in his mouth!"

"Well, whatever it is, he's a rum-nuisance," said Pudfut, "and he ought to be jumped on."

"Yes," retorted Stebbins, "but not about his food. Jump on him about his health, then he'll kick back and in pure obstinacy begin to think he's well—that's his nature."

"Don't you do anything of the kind," protested Marny. "Joppy's all right—best lad I know. Let him talk; don't hurt anybody and keeps everything alive. A little hot air now and then helps his epigastric."

Malone and Schönholz raised themselves on their elbows, twisted their shoulders and put their heads together—literally—without lifting their lazy bodies from the warm, dry grass—so close that one slouch hat instead of two might have covered their conspiring brains. From under the rims of these thatches came smothered laughs and such unintelligible mutterings as:

"Dot's de vay, by chimminy, 'Loney! And den I ——"

"No, begorra! Let me have a crack at him fu'st!"

"No, I vill before go and you come ——"

"Not a word to Marny, remimber; he'd give it away ——"

"Yes, but we vill tell Poodfut und Sthebbins, eh?"

That afternoon the diabolical plot was put in motion. The men had finished for the day; had crossed the ferry and had found Joplin wandering around the dock looking for a new subject. The Groote Kerk "smear" was under his arm.

Pudfut, under pretense of inspecting the smear—a portrait of the old Sacristan on a bench in front of the main entrance—started back in surprise on seeing the Bostonian, and asked with an anxious tone in his voice:

"Aren't you well, old man? Look awful yellow about the gills. Worked too hard, haven't you? No use overdoing it."

"Well? Of course I'm well! Sound as a nut. Little bilious, maybe, but that's nothing. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! Must say, though, you gave me a twist when I came on you suddenly. Maybe it's your epigastric nerve; maybe it's your liver and will pass off, but I'd knock off work for a day or two if I were you."

Malone now took a hand.

"Let me carry yer kit, Joppy, ye look done up. What's happened to ye, man, since mornin'."

"Never felt better in my life," protested Joplin. "No, I'll carry it—not heavy ——"

Then he quickened his pace—they were all on their way back to the inn—and overtook Stebbins and Schönholz.

"Stebbins, old man ——"

"Yes, Joppy."

"What I told you last night is turning out just as I expected. Heart's been acting queer all morning and my epigastric nerve is very sensitive. Puddy says I look awful. Do you see it?"

And Asked with an Anxious Tone in His Voice: "Aren't You Well, Old Man?"

Stebbins looked into the Bostonian's face, hesitated, and said with an apologetic tone in his voice:

"Well, everybody looks better one time than another. You've been working too hard, maybe."

"But do I look yellow?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Joppy, you do—yellow as a gourd—not always, just now and then when you walk fast or run upstairs."

"I've been afraid of that. Was my pulse all right when you counted it last night?"

"Yes, certainly—skipped a beat now and then, but that's nothing. I had an uncle once who had a pulse that wobbled like that. He, of course, went off suddenly; some said it was apoplexy; some said it was his heart—these doctors never agree. I wouldn't worry about it, old man. Hold on, Pudfut, don't walk so fast."

Pudfut held on, and so did Schönholz and Malone, and then the four slipped behind a pile of oil barrels and their combined slouch hats concentrated, and Schönholz slapped his thigh and said with a smothered laugh that it was "splendeed!" and Malone and Pudfut agreed, and the three locked arms and went singing up the street, their eyes on Joplin's pipe-stem legs as he trotted beside Marny on his way to the inn.

When the party reached the coffee-room Marny called Tine to his side, spread out the fingers and thumb of one hand, and that rosy-cheeked lass without the loss of a second, clattered over to the little shelf, gathered up five empty mugs and disappeared down the cellar steps. This done the coterie drew their chairs to one of Tine's hand-scrubbed tables and sat down, all but Joplin, who kept on his way to his room.

That night at dinner Schönholz made a statement which was followed with results more astounding to the peace of the coterie than anything which had occurred since the men came together.

"I haf bad news, boys," he began, "offle bad news. Mine fader has wrote dat home I must go. Nod anuder mark he say vill he gif me. Eef I could sell somedings—but dat ees very seldom. No, Marny, you don't can lend me noddings. What vill yourselluf do? Starve!"

"Where do you live, Schönholz?" asked Joplin. The Bostonian had kept his room until Johann had banged twice on his door in announcement of dinner.

"By Fizzenbad."

"What kind of a place is it—baths?"

"Yes."

"What are they good for?" continued Joplin in a subdued tone.

"Noddings, but blenty peoples go."

"I can tell you, Joppy," said Pudfut gravely, with a wink at Malone. "There are two spas, both highly celebrated. Lord Ellenboro spent a month there and came back looking like another man. One is for the liver and the other for something or other, I can't recollect what."

"Heart?" asked Joplin.

"I don't know."

He didn't. Had never heard the place mentioned until Schönholz had called its name a moment before.

Joplin played with his knife and made an attempt to nibble a slice of Tine's toast, but he made no reply. All the fight of every kind seemed to have been knocked out of him.

"Better take Fizzenbad in, Joppy," remarked Pudfut in an undertone. "May do you a lot of good."

"How far is it, Schönholz?" asked Joplin, ignoring the Englishman's suggestion.

"Oh, you leafe in de morgen and you come by Fizzenbad in a day more as de one you go oud mid."

"No—can't afford it."

Here Joplin pushed back his chair, and with the remark that he thought he would go downtown for some colors, left the room.

"It's working like a dose of salts," cried Pudfut when the Bostonian was out of hearing. "Hasn't said 'epigastric nerve,' 'gram' or 'proteids' once. Got real human in an hour. Stebbins, you're a wonder."

The next morning everybody was up bright and early to see Schönholz off. One of Fop Smit's packets was to leave for Rotterdam at seven and Schönholz was a passenger. He could go by rail, but the boat was cheaper. No deceptions had been practiced and no illusions indulged in as to the cause of his departure. He had had his supplies cut off, was flat broke and as helpless as a plant without water. They had all, at one time or another, passed through a similar crisis and knew exactly what it meant. A purse, of course, could have been made up—Marny even insisted on sharing his last hundred francs with him—and Mynheer would have allowed the board-bill to run on indefinitely with or without an addition to his collection, but the lad was not built along those lines.

"No—I go home and help mine fader once a leetle, den maybe I come back, don't it?" was the way he put it.

The next morning, when the procession formed to escort him through the Old Gate, every man answered to his name except Joplin—he had either overslept himself or was taking an extra soak in his portable tub.

"Run, Tine, and call Mr. Joplin," cried Marny—"we'll go ahead. Tell him to come to the dock."

Away clattered the sabots up the steep stairs, and away they scurried down the bare corridor to Joplin's room. There Tine knocked. Hearing no response she pushed open the door and looked in. The room was empty! Then she noticed that the bed had not been slept in, nor had anything on the washstand been used. Stepping in softly for some explanation of the unusual occurrence—no such thing had ever happened in her experience, not unless she had been notified in advance—her eye rested on a letter addressed to Stebbins propped up in full view against a

(Continued on Page 21)

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Important Notice to Readers

On June First the present club subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be withdrawn, and the regular subscription price will be fixed at $1.50 the year flat. Those who are not subscribers should send their orders at once; those who are subscribers may renew their subscriptions at the present club price of $1.25, the new subscription to commence at the expiration of the present one.

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The Snob at the Theatre

THE society play is as popular as ever. It is pathetic to see, night after night, hundreds of self-respecting American men and women sit absorbed before one of these versions of "high life." Tender mothers and good fathers still thrill at the awful presence of the family butler and take a serious interest in the sporty young man who lives in "chambers" and has a "man." The polite heroine still haunts this same bachelor apartment with her attendant maid, and gets shut up in the closet, thus compromising her "name" and necessitating heroic action and furious lying from the sporty young man. The motor-car has been worked to death and turned over to the vaudeville houses; but we have the "hunt club" and the "hunt breakfast," and in one of the season's plays the triumph is accomplished of introducing these able-bodied followers of the aniseed bag, correctly dressed in full red coats and black beaver hats, into a greenhouse with real plants and steam radiators.

A good deal of our stage snobbery is English in origin. The life of the English "lower classes" is presumably so dull that a glimpse on the stage of the habits of their superiors, with their house-parties and scandals, their titles and servants, may be exciting—but why bring it over here? Of course, the society play must be well put on, as nearly the real thing as author and actor can manage to make it; for the American woman gets from the stage her ideas of how smart people dress and behave to one another. She may believe in ordinary life that a low-cut gown is an invention of the devil, and cards the road to hell, but on the stage she gets a sympathetic thrill from the "creations" of the star, and loves to hear the meaningless terms of bridge. What her husband finds in the play would be harder to say.

Meantime, life goes on, lots of it, all about us—life with more real drama in it than the world has ever seen before. Men still sell their souls for big plunder, and women their bodies for a share of the spoils. Men still starve themselves for others and fight their enemies for bread. But the drama of such life rarely gets on the stage. We have Jeromes, Lawsons, Andy Hamiltons and Rockefellers; but the public prefers to see how "the real sort" dress and eat their dinners. A white shirt-front and an evening gown exert a universal fascination. Who would not believe that men and women are apes?

Government—Up a Tree

ADMINISTRATION circles at Washington are still agitated by Judge Humphrey's decision in the packers' case, and there is rather earnest questioning as to whether something cannot be done to put the Government in a less ludicrous position. That should ever be an object of patriotic solicitude. We hope that fortune will favor the present cogitations. It was thought desirable that the National Government, being charged with the duty of regulating interstate commerce, should know something about the methods with which that commerce is conducted, and be provided with machinery to discover and put in the way of correction whatever grave abuses may exist therein. This was the main idea, we take it, in creating the Department of Commerce and Labor and vesting it with certain powers to investigate. But, as the law stands, according to Judge Humphrey's decision, the Government has the alternative of investigating without power to correct, or, if correcting, without power to investigate. If it elects to investigate, it must agree not to invoke the punitive laws in case it discovers violations of them. Or it can go it blind and ask indictments.

It will be admitted, we think, that this is not an agreeable position for a Government to be in. Nobody would like to be charged with a duty and then compelled to surrender the power to fulfill it before he could enter into the prerequisites of its fulfillment. Nobody would like to be set to catch a mule with the condition that he must ride the mule to catch him. At just what point in the legal involutions the Government put itself in this unenviable state we do not pretend to know. Whether it can be rescued therefrom and stood on its feet instead of its head, without doing violence to the Constitution, is also not a question for the mere lay mind. We recall, however, that, in such matters as running the custom offices and collecting internal revenue, the Government both investigates and prosecutes.

The State Between Friends

AN INDIANA State official, now under conviction for embezzlement, was "the victim of circumstances," according to the view of some 21,000 friendly citizens who signed a petition to the Governor, praying that he be paroled. And it clearly appears from Governor Hanley's statement denying the prayer that this is true. The Governor points out that the official, immediately upon coming into office, took $20,000 of State money to pay his personal debts—being an honorable debtor and having no other resources. A little later he had the misfortune to lose $10,000 at cards—the State treasury naturally standing the shot. Again, he invested the public's money in oil wells and gold mines that turned out badly, and friends to whom he lent sums that were in his official keeping neglected to pay him. In short, circumstances seem to have formed a perfect conspiracy to victimize the unhappy official, who actually lost almost every dollar that he stole.

The 21,000 citizens who signed the petition in the official's behalf are probably no different from their neighbors, except in that they, or many of them, know the man personally, and so are able to see him as the "good fellow in hard luck," whereas others see simply the thief of public funds. Probably not one of them would condone pocket-picking or burglary, but the State is such an impersonal, intangible thing; its money doesn't cost it anything. It is hard to visualize a crime against it when there is a good fellow on the other side. What is the Constitution between friends?

Are We Done with the Novel?

THE day of the novel is gone, the critics are saying, and some of them add rather ill-naturedly: "And good riddance—it was a poor thing at the best, without form, and mentally weakening. Let us have more drama and fewer stories." According to the critics, the novel has already died out a good many times; for instance, just before Scott began to spin his yarns, and again after Thackeray and Dickens had got through with theirs. But the novel has shown surprising vitality, coming up in some fresh, interesting form every time when a new story-teller happened along who had something to say about life that could not be squeezed into a two-hour play or canned into an essay. At present there seems to be no such story-teller on the horizon, and the stage is having its turn. Something in the conditions of modern life—its intense activity and dramatic pressure—would seem to prepare the way for a period of dramatic revival. Let us pray that it will come, giving us some strong, passionate plays of real men and women.

Meantime, the novel is secure as a literary form as long as the world continues to be and people are as they have been from the time of Job. As a literary form, it has shown remarkable vitality and power of adaptation to new social conditions. We don't care for most of the novels of our grandmothers, but the best of them live on. Probably our children won't read Lady Rose's Daughter, or even The House of Mirth, but they may take down Treasure Island or Tess or Kim from the upper shelves. And they will have wonderful stories of their own.

For the novel covers life as a whole as no other form of literature ever has covered it. It shows us people, not in a flashlight, but leisurely, thoroughly, with some of the completeness that life itself has. And it shows us the world in which men and women live, the world of Nature and things, the world of ideas and feelings which make them what they are. So long as man appeals to man, so long as man is interested in his own fate, we shall have novels.

Uncle Joseph at Seventy

CONGRATULATIONS to Uncle Joseph Cannon upon the felicitous occasion of his seventieth birthday should be numerous and hearty—all the more so because the Speaker has been a faithful and valiant soldier in a cause which is petering out before his eyes. His political faith, as we understand it, may be briefly stated as follows: The proper object of government is to promote business. Business has flourished wonderfully under Republican administration. A high protective tariff is the distinctively Republican doctrine. Hence high tariff achieves the greatest good of which government is capable, and whoever opposes the party of high tariff is an enemy of national well-being. This creed has the advantage of precision. Almost a whole generation of statesmen have found it sufficient for their careers. The fact that it is petering out raises the disquieting presumption that statesmanship is going to become a more difficult art for the practitioners of the coming generation.

People are beginning to say that a country spilling over with natural resources may be very prosperous under a faulty economic rule. Worse than that, they are inquiring whether a huge bank-balance is necessarily the sign of highest possible well-being of a nation, any more than it is of a life-insurance company. The question of who really gets the benefit of the balance is attracting attention. Worst of all, they are getting into a state of mind where they would as soon think of shedding their blood in defense of the hotel that harbors them over night as of rallying to a party's colors in that spirit of impassioned loyalty which Uncle Joseph and his friends have so often invoked. The party, like the hotel, is a convenience—something to be used and duly paid for while it meets their needs. If you are riding out of loyalty to the railroad, the conductor's duties are easy. If you are riding because you want to get somewhere in particular, certain explanatory powers on his part are necessary. Uncle Joseph has been a valiant soldier for the faith that is in him. May he have many happy returns of the day.

Where History Will be Made

FROM time to time the public is reminded, rather incidentally, that the President will soon have the appointing of at least two justices of the Supreme Court. Not much is said about it beyond a hope, here and there mildly expressed, that he will pick "good men." Secretary and former Judge Taft has been conspicuous as a probable candidate, or victim. One hears mention of Judge Grosscup of Chicago, who achieved some note by his administration of the wrecked traction system of that city when it came into his court in receivership proceedings; also, by his advocacy of a queer, amusing, academic scheme for what he calls the "peopleizing" of our national industries.

On the whole, however, the public pays very little attention to these impending appointments, content in the faith that the President will select "good men." That he will do so is a matter of course. Yet there may be a vast difference in the character, bent and sympathies of perfectly "good" men; and the sympathies and associations of two new justices of the Supreme Court may, in the next ten years, be of more practical importance to the people of the United States than is the character of the incumbents of the White House in that period. We now see very clearly that certain forces have abused the practically unlimited license which they have enjoyed. Probably the extent and temper of the efforts to restrain them will make political history for the next decade. Here the Supreme Court will be all important. Everything that Congress does will be subject to its review. The personal bent of two justices may easily be the decisive fact in shaping the Court's opinions.

MEN & WOMEN

The Human Molasses Factory

FATE tried to conceal nine members of the House of Representatives by naming them Smith, and Fate had excellent success with several, but no Fate that ever indulged in such nefarious practices could conceal William Alden Smith, of Michigan. William Alden protests loudly against concealment. He is for full, frank, free publicity at all times—in regard to William Alden.

There are four essentials in every politician's bag of tricks—the handshake, the smile, the pat on the shoulder and the "Now, my boy." William Alden has them all. He is Past Grand Master of the Order of the Glad Hand, Supreme President of the Association of the Friendly Smile, and has many degrees in all other organizations for making a personal impression. William Alden is a wizard at it. He shakes hands with the right hand—a long, clinging, warm, soulful shake—and he caresses the shoulder admiringly with the other hand; he smiles that beatific smile and he says, "Now, my boy," all at one and the same time—four simultaneous greetings of glad regard.

And it gets them, it gets them! They know William Alden out in Michigan. He calls them all by their first names. There is nothing reserved and shrinking about him. He is aware that the short for William is "Bill," and in two minutes by the clock he uses "Bill." There is too much formality in intercourse among people, don't you think?

William Alden comes from Grand Rapids incidentally, but of Michigan potentially. He glad-handed his way into Congress twelve years ago and he has smiled himself on the Ways and Means Committee and into a position of such consequence that he has announced himself as candidate for the seat in the United States Senate now occupied by General Russell A. Alger, and nobody laughs at his ambition, which proves the smile has something back of it. He knows his folks. Various others in Michigan—numerous others, to be accurate—are looking for the same job. They are pulling strings, laying wires, digging pitfalls and building fences. Perhaps William Alden is doing that, too. Anyhow, he isn't sitting and darkly plotting for control of the Legislature, nor making eyes at corporations, so far as can be noticed.

Edward Everett Hale
Chaplain of the Senate

William Alden has flung his banner to the breeze. "Come on, you other candidates," he says, "and contest with me for this nomination in the primaries or at an election! Let the people vote on it and declare the man who gets the most votes the party's candidate for Senator. Come on! I double-dare you!"

Thus far there has been no tumultuous response to the invitation. The other aspirants are so used to having a few men get together in Detroit and fix it up that they do not know what to say. William Alden is as debonair about it as the tenor-singing lieutenant in a musical comedy.

A short time ago he bought the Grand Rapids Herald, a newspaper of considerable influence in his home city. Somebody said: "I suppose you bought that paper, Smith, for use in politics and to help along your campaign for the Senate?"

"Well," he replied, "I expect to use the Herald in politics, of course. It is my paper and I am in politics, but if you want to know the real reason why I bought it, I'll tell you: I bought that paper because I used to sell it as a newsboy on the streets of Grand Rapids. That's why."

They like William Alden in the House. He makes a good speech, rather florid, with rounded periods and some guff, but a good speech, as speeches go. He likes to talk about "the sun-kissed dome of the Capitol" and "the palladium of our liberties," and other highfalutin things, and after he goes into action he exudes that sort of stuff. Still, he has a clear head and, when you strip off the frills, you find a fair-sized chunk of pertinent talk. He is a consistent insurgent when that dear-to-Michigan sugar-beet proposition comes around, and has the nerve to stand out for what he thinks is right and for what his people think is right—that would be the best way to put it—until the cows come home.

In the early days of his Congressional career, before the Spanish War, he went with a newspaper exploring expedition to Cuba, the object of which was to show Congress just what were the conditions under Weyler and, quite

William Alden Smith, of Michigan

incidentally, of course, to advertise the newspaper that paid the bills. William Alden was on a search for publicity then. He got it. He was walking down Obispo Street, on one of those apologies for sidewalks that put all fat tourists out on the cobblestones, when five Spanish soldiers came along, single file. They had to go in single file, for not even Spanish soldiers are thin enough to march two abreast on Havana sidewalks, and Spanish soldiers are only about nine inches wide and three inches thick, at that.

"Americano!" sneered the first Spanish soldier, right in the face of William Alden, supplementing that observation with a few further remarks.

The other Spanish soldiers contributed to the symposium. William Alden was not especially proficient in Spanish, but he understood the drift of the conversation. The Spaniards thought to shoulder him into the street. William Alden smiled and said mildly: "Don't do that."

They tried again. Then William Alden stopped smiling and went into action.

After the battle was over, William Alden acted as his own war correspondent. These are his words: "With my tighty-rolled umbrella, I belabored the miscreants until they fled, and I pursued my way, unmolested further."

Wouldn't that make you think of Rollo? However, the story came back to the United States and the paragraphers and editorial writers laughed at William Alden and his tightly-rolled umbrella. He was full of a speech on Cuba when he got home and they gave him a chance in the House to transfer it to the public. At the proper time he exclaimed, with deep fervor: "Any American citizen needs no other weapon than a tightly-rolled umbrella to whip a dozen Spanish soldiers!" They yipped and hi-yied at this, and the folks out in Michigan thought it was great. Foolish William Alden! Perhaps he didn't know what the folks out in Michigan would think about it.

Sooner or later he will get into the Senate. You cannot stop the man with the glad hand and the smile. "Molasses," said a philosopher, "catches more flies than vinegar." For "flies" read "votes," and remember that William Alden is the human molasses factory from Grand Rapids, and that he never goes on a strike.

Colonel Ingersoll's Cure

E. H. GILMORE, the New York theatrical manager, once engaged Robert G. Ingersoll, for four Sunday lectures at Gilmore's Garden, at $500 a lecture.

The first lecture was delivered to a $2400 house. There was $3000 in the house on the second Sunday night. On the following Tuesday, Colonel Ingersoll's manager visited Mr. Gilmore and said: "I'm very sorry, but the Colonel cannot lecture next Sunday night. He has a very bad throat."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Gilmore.

"Oh," replied the manager, "he's suffering considerably with it—sore, you know, and all that. Positively cannot lecture next Sunday night. Better make your announcements."

Gilmore pondered. There was already a thousand-dollar advance sale for the next lecture. He hunted up Colonel Ingersoll. "Sorry, Colonel," he said, "that your throat is so sore. Bother you much?"

"Yes," replied Ingersoll, "it is very troublesome. I couldn't think of using my voice next Sunday."

"Doing anything for it?"

"Oh, yes, spraying it and all those things, you know."

Gilmore walked over and looked out of the window. Then he turned and said: "Bob, do you think it would cure that throat if I gave you forty per cent. of the receipts for the next two lectures instead of a flat five hundred dollars?"

"Really, Ned," Ingersoll replied, "I think it would."

And it did.

The Point of View

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the Chaplain of the United States Senate, is eighty-five years old.

"Mr. Hale," said a man who was chatting with him a few days ago, "it seems to me that there are a good many old men in the Senate."

"Old men!" snorted the Chaplain. "I hadn't noticed it. The only reasonably mature men around here are the Senators from Alabama."

Pettus is eighty-four and Morgan is eighty-two.

Platt Needed It

IT SO fell out that, at noon one day recently, Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York, was the only Senator in the chamber while the Chaplain made his prayer.

Nearly every correspondent telegraphed a paragraph of gossip about it, and the incident was forgotten until a week or so later, when a friend who visited Senator Platt in his committee-room found him reading a large batch of newspaper clippings and chuckling over them.

"I have always held," said the Senator, "that men in different parts of the country think about alike—and here is proof of it."

"What is it?" asked the friend. "Some comment on a public policy?"

"No," laughed the Senator, "it is comment on me. There was a day recently when I was the only Senator in the chamber while the Chaplain offered prayer. Evidently, the correspondents sent it out to their papers, for I find here in these clippings numerous editorial comments on that occurrence, and every comment is about the same. The editors all say they guess I needed to be there as much as any one who could be named."

The Longest Way 'Round

"SOMETIMES," said Andrew Carnegie, "I get a slap that makes me wince from some sharp commentators on the news.

"Now, a short time ago I gave an interview to a reporter in which I said that one reason for whatever success I may have had was because I always got good men around me.

"What do you think a rascally Pittsburg paragrapher said?" asked the ironmaster, smiling. "He quoted that remark, and moved to amend it by saying that instead of getting good men around me I got around good men."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator W. Murray Crane, former Governor of Massachusetts, is the greatest "mixer" in the Senate. He never makes a public speech, but he knows everybody and everything that is going on.

Senator Platt
of New York

¶ Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, is more than seventy years old. He says he has never in his life eaten anything that has disagreed with him and that he has eaten about everything set before him, at that.

¶ When he returned from his wedding trip to Cuba, Representative Longworth, the President's son-in-law, brought Speaker Cannon a cigar two feet long, thick and very black. The Speaker looked at it lovingly. "Seems almost good enough to put cream on and eat," he said.

LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

Ruth Kimball Gardiner

A Sophomore in Washington

RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER, whose new book, The Heart of a Girl, is one of the season's pleasant stories, is a Western girl and received her first practical training as a writer in a newspaper office. Although born in Carlinville, Illinois, she was educated in Fargo, N. D., Omaha and St. Paul. She left the University of Minnesota in her Sophomore year to become the Washington correspondent of the St. Paul Globe—the first woman telegraphic correspondent engaged in work of such importance. She was then but little more than eighteen, but began at once to branch out into magazine work, and has been quite successful, not only with her verses and fiction, but also with several serious economic studies.

Biography in the Dark

THE marvelous exactitude with which, in his memoir, With Walt Whitman in Camden, Horace Traubel has caught the real Whitman is matter of no small wonder to nearly all who knew the poet. But the closest of Whitman's intimates are not amazed. Said one of them recently:

"Traubel was with Whitman daily, and every night he set down all that Whitman had said that day. He had not only a perfect memory: he had so long lived close to Whitman that his vocabulary and methods of thought had become Whitman's.

"I remember that one evening I sat talking to the poet in a completely darkened room while Traubel lay on a couch several feet away. I thought he was asleep, but when we left I found that he had all the while been making a sort of shorthand notes in the dark."

John Fiske's Dimensions

JOHN FISKE has been described as the most retiring and least self-conscious of celebrities. It is at least true that, of the large public which admired him, only the most minute fraction knew, or has since learned, much of the man's personality.

"He was," says a lifelong companion, "absolutely unpedantic. In fact, that he might be thought a wiseacre was his greatest and worst-founded fear. He liked nothing better than to listen to other men's talk and, with his fund of quick sympathy and appreciation, he was that rarest of men, an ideal listener. His manner, too, was always open and his frankness was at times nearly boyish.

"As for appearance, he looked the typical German university professor. His face was stolid in repose; his large spectacles gave a queer prominence to his eyes, and his gray hair, red beard and light complexion were in curious contrast. Not the least amusing thing about him was the fact that he was philosopher enough to take calmly that increase in physical bulk which kept pace with his mental growth. He was six feet tall, his weight was quite three hundred pounds, and he used to describe his dimensions as '72 x 56 inches.'"

Bringing Up a Murderer

THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON tells of one day going into the corridor of the apartment-house in which she lives and finding there a little stray kitten, crying miserably. She took it in, and later learned that it belonged to a family living upstairs, whereupon she took the kitten up to them, explaining why it had been so long away.

"Oh, yes," said the man of the family upstairs, "the kitten! Yes, that was our kitten, but we don't want it."

"Doesn't it belong to you?" asked Mrs. Garrison in bewilderment.

"Oh, yes," said the man, "it did belong to us. But we let it out in the hall. We don't want it."

"And aren't you going to do anything with it?" said Mrs. Garrison

"Why, we let it out in the hall," explained the man. "It will go away. We have a canary now. We don't want the kitten."

Mrs. Garrison took the kitten to her apartment.

"I shall train it up," she said, "in the way a kitten should go. And when summer comes I'm afraid I hope that it will climb the fire-escape and eat the canary."

The Morning for Loomis

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS is not one of those who do their best writing in the small hours of the night. "Morning," he recently remarked to an acquaintance, "is my time for work: breakfast at eight, then writing until about noon—first turning off the rough copy of the new idea, next revising the rough copy of the previous day. Then in the afternoon I generally run from my New Jersey home to Philadelphia or to New York and look up the editors. This gets me back to Fanwood for dinner and a quiet evening with my family or my books. And the latter, I may add, are generally of a solemn sort. I read very little present-day fiction and confine my choice of contemporary writers almost entirely to serious special articles."

Every Poet His Own Public

AT A LUNCHEON at the White House one day last spring there were present Mr. Henry C. Frick, of Pittsburg, Mr. Ansley Wilcox, of Buffalo, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, Mr Finley Peter Dunne, and, as the President expressed it, "other eminent humorists." During the conversation, Mr. Roosevelt asked each member of the party to relate some story concerning one of the others

One said: "I went up to the Century Company offices one day to call on the editor. He was busily engaged in reading one of the manuscripts which pour in upon him. While I was waiting, a small boy, dragging a great truck filled with books, passed me. In front of the elevator he stopped and wiped his brow. I looked over the books and found the whole lot to be volumes of Mr. Gilder's poems.

"'Are Mr. Gilder's books selling well now?' I asked

"'Well,' said the boy without a glimmer of humor in his serious eyes, 'Mr. Gilder ain't been buyin' many lately.'"

Mark Twain's Solo

MARK TWAIN got his training as a speaker in the palmy days of the lecture when every popular American author—and some British ones—used to go about the country from town to town "giving readings." But even in those days Mr. Clemens was not subject to stage-fright, and by no means easily annoyed. Once, in Boston, he was interrupted in the midst of his lecture by the sudden rising of a teacher and her attendant pupils, evidently bound for the suburbs. As the party passed before him, Twain raised his voice in a clearly audible aside:

"Ah," he drawled, "going to catch the nine-thirty train, eh? It seems to me that, whenever I want to talk, people have to catch the nine-thirty train."

On another occasion, at a dinner, Twain's reply to a toast was interrupted by the passage, just outside, of a brass band, playing The Star-Spangled Banner. The speaker never hesitated. In a moment he had begun to sing the words and to wave his arms wildly for all the company to join in the national anthem. The response was hearty and, when the band had passed, Mr. Clemens thus concluded his address:

"Gentlemen, you will find my speech in full in the morning papers. Only the music will be omitted."

Wagner's Profit from Strenuosity

IN THE nature of things, the best stories about a popular book sometimes do not leak out until long after its publication. Thus it was with Doctor Wagner's Simple Life. It appears that the first edition of this work went but moderately well, and that the publishers were not giving the volume any great amount of attention, when one day a member of the firm read in his newspaper the Washington dispatch that contained President Roosevelt's praise of the book. Instantly he saw the value of the dispatch as an advertisement and the demand which it would create.

This was on a Friday afternoon, but the astute publisher at once ordered the entire plant cleared of all other "copy." Then he set to work the full force of press and bindery men, and—by dividing them into relays and keeping the presses going twenty hours out of the twenty-four—had, by the following Tuesday, 100,000 copies ready.

Thus was the propaganda of the Simple Life spread by the very practices it condemned, and good business it was. The Devil, also—even if he is only a printer's devil—can quote Scripture to his purpose.

Another Mute Milton

ROBERT HERRICK, the author of The Memoirs of an American, labors, of course, under the difficulty of sharing his name with a great poet. It is a difficulty which he successfully overcomes with most people, but he still finds, occasionally, the Young Thing who confuses him with his illustrious predecessor in the title. Legend has it that the last time this occurred was at a tea at the house of a fellow-member of the faculty of Chicago University. The Young Thing, this time, was pretty and pink.

"Oh, Mr. Herrick," she gurgled, "I so adore your poetry! Have you written any very lately?"

"Not very lately," Mr. Herrick calmly responded: "not—let me see—not for about two hundred and thirty years."

Robert Herrick

Hidden Dangers

"Forewarned is fore-armed."

Before a man can protect himself from peril of any kind, he must know where the danger lurks.

We have to fight against heavy odds in the sale of SINCERITY CLOTHES.

—And the reason is that 80 per-cent of all clothes are "faked" into *shape;*—

—"*doped*" with the Hot Flat-Iron, to *mask* Defects in the clothes.

It takes more *time*, and *costs* more, to design, and sew, and revise by conscientious hand-work.

—But clothes cannot be made *sincerely* without it.

SINCERITY CLOTHES mean correct style, perfect fit, and a guaranty of workmanship and materials.

Flat-Iron style and fit, produced by Heat and Moisture, disappear quickly with dampness and wear.

Which will *you* have?

SINCERITY CLOTHES are for sale in most communities, by leading clothiers.

If you object to Flat-Iron trickery in *your* clothes, let your next purchase be a SINCERITY suit.

Send a 2 cent stamp for "The Test," which is a sure way to detect the work of old "Dr. Goose," the Hot Flat-Iron "Faker."

You will find this label in SINCERITY CLOTHES:—

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
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IF you want to know what *real underwear comfort* is, try a pair of the Scriven Improved Elastic-Seam Drawers, in *knee* or *full lengths*. They are scientifically constructed to fit *your particular figure*, and readily adjust themselves to every movement of your muscles.

You will appreciate this most when the warm weather comes.

They always *fit* right and *feel* right

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F. H. Dickson, 21A Malden Lane, N.Y.

SENSE & NONSENSE

Orange Blossoms

EVEN Cupid crosses his fingers at what he hears by moonlight.

The father gives the bride away, but the small brother tries to.

Settle an allowance on your wife and you'll always know where to borrow money.

After marriage you may speak of her temper; but during courtship you had better refer to it as temperament.

At a wedding married women cry because they've been through it and unmarried women for fear they won't.

When choosing a wife shut your eyes; it's a sporting chance, because, after all, your wife is choosing you.

In marching up the aisle to the altar the bride carries either a bunch of flowers or a prayer-book. Her father carries a bunch of money or a check-book.

—*Chester Field, Jr.*

It Made a Difference

SENATOR SPOONER is a successful hunter of big game. On one of his hunting trips he and his guide, Bill Murray, had been out for two days without seeing even so much as a "flag." About noon on the third day out Murray wounded a nice buck, and both men took the bloody trail, guns ready for instant use. Suddenly the guide threw up his rifle and fired. The Senator saw an animal fall heavily and called:

"We've got him this time, Bill."

"*We?*" sneered the guide. "There's no 'we' about it. *I* killed him plain enough."

Quickly making their way to where their quarry lay they found a fine specimen of Jersey calf.

"We've killed somebody's calf!" yelled the guide.

Senator Spooner gave him a withering look and said:

"William, you should be more particular in your choice of pronouns. '*We*' isn't adapted to this particular instance."

Spoofing Alfred Sutro

IN THE London theatrical clubs they have what they call a spoof. In America we call it by many other names; but, as Mr. Alfred Sutro lately found, it comes to about the same thing.

When he witnessed the New York production of The Walls of Jericho his artistic spirit was deeply grieved by the performance of one of the women of the cast, who had a rasping, nasal voice, and who habitually jabbed in her "points" with exaggerated gestures and grimaces. "When I write a funny line," he exclaimed—and the saying has become a proverb behind the scenes—"it's a funny line, and it doesn't have to be advertised by the actor!" But patience and entreaty made no difference. The actress went her own way. Finally Mr. Sutro despaired, and when she was on the stage used to retire to the depths of the box in which he sat and talk profanely in words of one syllable.

Now there was another actress in the cast who pleased Mr. Sutro as much as this one did not—Miss May Blayney, who plays the worldly-wise ingénue, aping the cynicism of her elders, and donning what she calls her Jane Austens to win the bucolic heart of an Australian millionaire. One evening, during the rehearsals of The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt, while at supper at a café with friends, he became positively lyric in his praise of the young actress, whose name, however, had escaped him.

And here is where the spoof comes in. One of his friends remarked that it was a pity the girl could not know how much he admired her, for nothing helps an intelligent novice like deserved commendation. Mr. Sutro was struck with the idea, and said that he would speak to her the next time he met her. "There she is now," said the friend, pointing to a neighboring table. Mr. Sutro adjusted his glasses, and having marked down the person indicated, went over and repeated his eulogy.

"To show that this is not merely the enthusiasm of the moment," he concluded, "I will write it down."

When he got back to his table he called for paper and a pen, and prompted by his friends as to the actress' name, wrote a most cordial note of commendation, concluding with the promise to give her employment in London.

Of course, the actress to whom he had been talking was not Miss Blayney, but the other member of the cast whom he particularly disliked. And that note proved her undoing. She became more set in her ways than ever, demanded an increase of salary, and, being refused, resigned her part. Now, it is said, she has gone to London to remind Mr. Sutro of his promise, firm in the belief that a career is open to her.

Mother Goosy and Father Gander

In the (Wedding) Ring

Peter, Peter Overeater
  Once, upon a summer's day,
Had a wife and tried to beat her
  In the good old-fashioned way.
How the Women Now do vex us!
  Wife let loose her bunch of fives,
Soaked him in the solar plexus,
  Broke his nose and blacked his eyes.
She was born in Minnesota;
  Female champion was she:
Peter fled to North Dakota—
  (In-*combat*-ability!)

Dead Ones

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She'd so many children she didn't know what to do.
  "I care not!" she cried.
  "Let the President chide!
I'm resolved on committing some Race Suicide!"

The Proof of the Pudding

Sing a Song of Sixpence!
  Birds of many a feather
Pretty Mrs. Newlywed
  Cooked up together;
Huckster called them reed-birds—
  Winked the other eye—
But Mrs., when the dough was on,
  Said they were a pie.

Husband came to dinner
  With a cheerful greeting:
Smiled and cut the pie—and then
  Had some trouble eating

"Aren't they really reed-birds?"
  Wailed the trembling Wife.
"Sparrows, maybe," Husband said,
  "But reed?—Not on your life!
Rather Booker T. pie,"
  Pursued the married youth:
"Lucky they're not parrots;
  They might tell the truth!"

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

Bridget and the Beauty-Doctors

WANCE upon a toime in Ould Oirland, the counthry in which the Oirish used to live before they raymoved to New Yorrk, there lived a foine young gurl av the name av Bridget.

Now this same Bridget would 'av been beautiful if it wuzn't fur her looks; an' her looks wuz awful. Her face was as full av wrinkles as a piece of craype tishy-payper, and looked fur all the worrld loike a Wist Injun oiland afther an earthquake. In betwane the cracks in her face wuz the freckliest lot av freckles you would iver want to see; and, to put a top-knot on her misfortunes, she had the ughest warrt ye could clap yer oyes on—the soize av a tin-cint piece—roight on the ind av her nose.

Poor Bridget was very much "cut up" wid the cracks in her face, and the freckles made her feel "dotty"; as fur the warrt, it filled half the landshcape whiniver she tuk a look out av her oyes.

She troied all the washes, and loshuns, and cold creams, and hot creams, in all the dhrug-shtores in Ould Oirland; an' she subscribed to all the Soonday paypers and took all the beautifiers recominded in the Answers to Correspondints on the Wimmen's Page, till she had spint a pile av money—nearly four dallars an' nointy cints.

And shtill her face didn't get anny bether, but rayther worse.

At that time there lived in Ould Oirland three beauty-docthors. Wan was English, wan was Scotch, but t'other was a raie Oirishman; and Bridget, bein' dhriven to her last exthremity, made up her mound to consult thim; and bein' a wumman, she naturally thought the furriners would know more'n the Oirishman; so she wint to the English docthor furst.

Afther axin' her more'n forty-four questions, he sez, sez he:

"Well, Miss, Oi'll cure ye av the earthquakes," sez he, "an' thin Oi'll thry the sunspots," sez he. "An' it's olive oil as'll make ye plump!" sez he.

So he set to wurruk wid olive oil, an' he lathered and plastered her wid olive oil, an' she washed in olive oil, an' she ate olive oil, an' she drank olive oil, an' in six months her face wuz as smooth an' plump as a rubber balloon on the foorth av July.

Thin he started on the freckles; but not wan av thim could be budged, at all, at all; an' thin he tuk a whack at the warrt; but, bad cess to it, the warrt only grew bigger an' bigger till it grew all down the nor'aste soide av her nose.

Poor Bridget was beginnin' to get froightened, an' thought it wuz toime to shtop the tratemint, or she might become all warrt, so she axed the docthor for his bill; an' he, bein' English, charged her a good deal av money—more'n six dallars an' thirty cints.

Afther stayin' at home fur a whoile, she again began to worry about her freckles an' her warrt; so she up an' wint to the Scotch docthor, an' he sez, sez he:

"I can fix the sunspots," sez he, "sartin shure, an' thin Oi'll hev a fling at the volcany," sez he. "Butthermilk is good fur freckles," sez he.

So he lathered her an' plastered her wid butthermilk, an' he rolled her in butthermilk, an' he massaged her wid butthermilk; an' she ate butthermilk an' she drank butthermilk, an' in six months her face was as white an' spotless as a babby's.

Nixt he set to wurruk on the warrt; but nary a bit about warrts did he know; fur the more he troied the more the warrt grew, till it grew all down the nor'wist side av her nose. Indade it wuz a jewel av a warrt now.

Bridget got froightened again an' thought it wuz high toime to shtop the tratemint; so she axed fur the bull, an' the docthor, bein' Scotch, charged her an' imminse sum av money—more'n eight dallars an' forty-foive cints.

She shtayed at home again fur a little toime; but that warrt starin' her in the face at last dhrove her to consult the Oirish docthor.

Now the Oirish docthor knew all about warrts, an' he sez, sez he:

"Mavourneen, ye must go to the brook at twilve o'clock in the middle av the noight," sez he, "an' pick up a smooth whoite pibble," sez he, "an' thin ye rub it on yer warrt, an' toie it up in a piece av payper," sez he, "an' lave it on the soidewalk, an' whin anny-body picks it up," sez he, "yer warrt will disappear loike greased loightnin'," sez he; "an' what's more, be jabers, the folks as picks it up will get yer warrt," sez he.

Bridget did what she was told, an' shure enough the warrt went away, fur—would ye belave it?—the English docthor an' the Scotch docthor, walkin' down the strate wan day, saw the payper parcel loyin' on the soidewalk, an' they both made a grab fur it. The Scotch docthor got it furst; thin the English docthor snatched it away. Whin they saw it wuz only a stone they wuz moighty ashamed av thumsilves. But what was their horror whin they found their fingers gittin' covered wid big warrts.

Whin Bridget wint to ax the Oirish docthor fur his bill, he wuz so overcome wid her beauty that he said he wouldn't charge her a cint; an' he tould her that if she had come to him in the furst place he could have cured her av the wrinkles an' freckles, too.

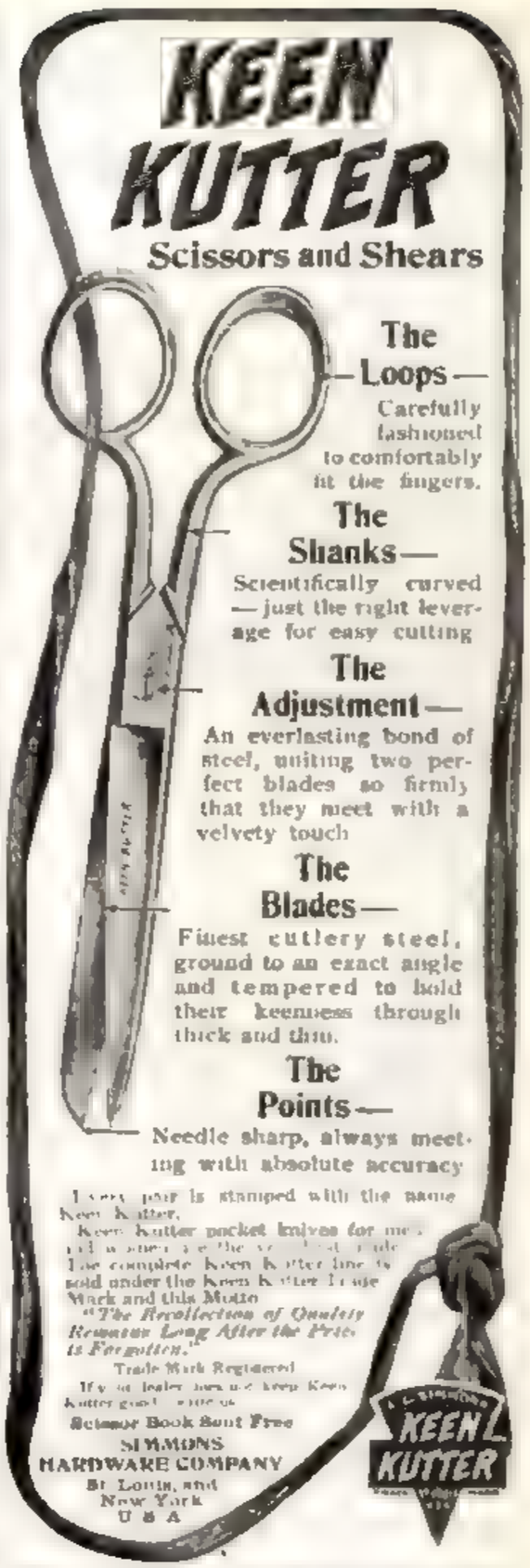
Thin the young leddy wuz sorry she hadn't pathronized home industhry.

Ochone! I nadn't tell ye how they fell in love wid each other an' at last were married by Father O'Flynn.

The furrin docthors not knowin' how to cure warrts had to come to the Oirish docthor to have thim raymoved. An' the Oirish docthor, bein' Oirish, an' wishin' to get even, charged the English docthor a good deal of money—more'n six dallars an' thirty cints; an' he charged the Scotch docthor an imminse sum av money—more'n eight dallars an' forty-foive cints. All this money he turned over to his woife.

Bein' rid av the earthquakes an' the sunspots, an', worst av all, the volcany, she an' her husband, the Oirish beauty-docthor, lived happily iver afther. An' thus, as Shakespeare or some other Oirish poet has said: "All's well that inds well."

Now if there's anny other moral to be found in this simple tale, the foinder is welcome to kape the same widout anny extra charge. —*Donald A. Fraser.*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THE NEW PROFESSION

By JAS. H. COLLINS

HUNDREDS of young Thackerays, Balzacs, Emersons, Stevensons, Jameses and Maeterlincks arrive in New York yearly, filled with the high spirit of literature. They are the product of the colleges and the rhetoric books. Their ideals are uncompromising. Along with father's injunction to be good, and mother's caution to avoid taking colds, they bring Robert Louis' formula for preserving their sacred styles unvitiated. If protoplasma will make it, America must eventually have a literature.

But this procession of aspirants has been pouring into the metropolis for fully half a century, ever increasing, and in that period New York has produced very few first-rate authors of the first rank. Is there anything wrong with conditions? Probably not. Writing is as utilitarian an occupation as any other. In three hundred years of English literature there are barely thirty first-rate names, and in three centuries of the French but half as many. Genius in writing is accidental. It springs as often from the ranks of the tinkers or farm-laborers as from that vast body of craftsmen who produce newspapers, reviews, practical and timely books, and the workaday printed word that lubricates our modern world.

This is almost the first truth that Park Row and Union Square impress upon the newly-come aspirant, and in much the degree that he possesses that commonsense which is thought to be the basis of genius (and is certainly the foundation of ability) he comes around to the standards of the market. Before the actuality of an editor who will buy a Sunday article and pay real money for it the inspiration of "The American Scholar" fades. His cherished style is taken from its sterilized cotton and dragged through police courts and the morgue. In this very newspaper, so despised at college, he finds things of a day that have in them a touch of the craftsmanship of all time. He may go far in this practical field, yet there will still be men and women about him whom he knows are of larger calibre. Finally it comes down to writing for wages, and necessarily writing well. Values alter his ideals, yet rather than curse Opportunity, the transformed aspirant is likely to suspect that, in his case, the hand of the Potter shook.

The Growth of "Howto" Literature

Writing for wages means writing for the best wages, and the cultivation of the most stable and lasting field. After the first fine burst of youth that every acceptable craftsman has in him, there must be provision for mature years, when enthusiasm and energy will be the lesser equation, and skill, with accumulated experience, must do duty instead. Formerly there was but one constant market for the writer in New York—daily journalism. Now another has been added and has become of great importance to a large body of writers—the magazine field. Still, more recently, a third has developed, but one as yet only slightly understood and exploited. This last is the field of the trade journal, and an endeavor will be made here to mark its boundaries and forecast what seems to be its future from the standpoint of the man and woman who make writing a means of livelihood.

"Trade journal" is an exceedingly loose term that has been applied to a class of periodicals generally understood to include everything outside of the daily newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines and reviews, and the denominational and agricultural press. Originally it covered the periodicals that really went to business houses in a department of trade, such as the Iron Age, a journal covering iron and steel markets and manufactures from the standpoint of manufacturers and large purchasers, or the Dry Goods Economist, which deals with questions affecting a class of commodities after they have arrived in retail merchants' hands. To these, however, have been added journals that deal with machinery, engineering, electricity, railroads, science, mining, insurance, publishing, education, law, pharmacy and many other interests. "Specialized journals" is a later and better descriptive term sometimes employed, but "trade journals" is in general use, and will be adopted in this paper.

Our country stands abreast of Europe in but few departments of literature. Our novels, poetry, scientific works, drama and history are conceded to be imitative. But in economics, mechanics and industrial matters our books are accorded a distinct leadership, particularly those that deal with applied science and practical affairs. For directness, timeliness and originality our works in this field are respected abroad. We excel in the compilation of what have been called "how to" books.

An Astonishing List

But the portion of this practical literature found between covers is small compared with what takes the form of the trade journal. The periodical medium spreads such information more quickly, and much of our success in manufacturing is undoubtedly due to such journals, which are not exceeded in number by those of any other country, nor excelled anywhere in variety. A small proportion of these trade journals date back a quarter or half century. But most of them are of recent origin—perhaps a good half less than ten years old. As a mass they show a very uneven development, some of the younger ones in a special field having quickly become indispensable and authoritative, while perhaps a dozen competitors in the same field are weak and of little real value. Some technical fields are adequately served by trade journals, while others are still awaiting their special press. From the business side a surprising number of trade journals have been successful, though often inadequate editorially. In fact, it is a characteristic of the trade journal that its development has been largely on the side of business management, while editorial growth has been either neglected or largely accidental. The valuations of some of these properties to-day will astonish those who are not intimately acquainted with them. Several are said to be worth $1,000,000 each in respect to title and good will, while more than a dozen others would bring $500,000 each at sale, and a hundred more are valued at $100,000. A decade ago no property of this character was held at the latter valuation. What makes trade journals so valuable? Their circulation is small. What gives a million-dollar valuation to a publication with only 10,000 subscribers? Its advertising patronage. Subscribers may pay but a dollar a year for such a journal, but it goes to a clientèle of immense purchasing power, buyers of machinery and supplies, so that for each subscriber its publisher may receive $25 a year in advertising. Where subscribers pay him $10,000, advertisers represent $250,000. Several trade journals with 100,000 subscribers have gross annual receipts of $1,500,000.

But while the trade journal has been developed phenomenally on its business side, its editorial growth has been less rapid. The newspaper and the magazine have certain literary traditions and heritages that have come to them through a long period of development. The trade journal had none. Each publication of this class, coming into a technical field that had never enjoyed a medium for the spread of information, was forced to make its own methods. And in the development of its editorial policy literary skill was usually unavailable. Engineering journals grew out of the prolix official report. Publications launched to keep a retail trade informed on prices, new goods and shop methods were written by merchants and clerks. Contributions to journals dealing with machinery came from mechanics and foremen. One by one new trade fields were furnished with their especial journals, written from their especial viewpoint, in their own technical *patois*. To the newspaper and magazine writer these were Greek. But because the trade journal was written with yardstick and calipers, and illustrated with the blue print, it had vitality. The exact information of engineers' reports, in which everything is stated with three synonymous adjectives, gave a basis upon which to build more direct articles. Journalistic and literary standards seem fatal to a trade periodical at the outset, but after the special field and *patois* have been defined by technical men, the trained general writer is often able to grasp them, shape a wider policy, vary subjects that trend toward set channels, and employ literary artifice not only in presenting matter more attractively, but in getting fuller, fresher information. For the technical half-knowledge of a trained writer is often precisely the element needed to reveal and exploit points that, in the technical man's judgment, seem commonplace.

The number of trade journals in the United States is now estimated at between fifteen hundred and two thousand. About four hundred and fifty are published in New York City, which has fourteen daily newspapers devoted to finance and commerce; seventy weekly and monthly periodicals to finance, commerce, insurance and markets, seventy-five to iron, steel, manufacturing, mining, building and wholesale trade, thirty-eight to railroads, electricity, engineering and machinery; sixty to law, medicine, pharmacy, architecture, science and education; fifty to literature, art, music, the drama, publishing and advertising; fifty to retail trade; forty-three to sports, fashions, agriculture, etc., and fifty of miscellaneous character. Many are weaklings, but others have an influence wider than that of any American newspaper. The daily press, for example, is said to rely upon a certain venerable weekly journal for its quotations in the iron and steel markets, and half the Governments of the world subscribe to it officially. Librarians state that constant visitors to reading-rooms, especially in manufacturing cities, read, not the popular magazines, but such trade journals as the American Machinist, Engineering News, Iron Age, Electrical Review, Dry Goods Economist, Street Railway Journal, Shoe and Leather Reporter, etc. Trade journals have had an influence on the daily press, for the standards of accuracy set by them in reporting technical matters has resulted in better attention to special subjects in our best newspapers. Even the magazine field has been influenced, for many of the new publications established the past five years are of special and technical character rather than general. Their circulations are small, and touch but a restricted class, but their advertising incomes, following trade journal principles, make them valuable properties.

A Premium on Stability

This great specialized periodical literature, hardly in the second decade of its development and more lusty in its present growth than any other branch of publishing, offers manifest advantages to the writer for wages.

Chief of these is stability of employment and income.

The daily newspaper devours men and energies. Those who serve it with genuine talents are required to give up their finest years of freshness and vigor, often condensing them into months, to satisfy public demand for what is conspicuous by its pert originality. Pressure is brought to make talent yield the superficial, timely stuff that destroys zest of production and capacity for serious work in mature years. Upon those who have not talent the newspaper lays a crushing load of routine writing and editing. The longer a man or woman works for the daily paper the less he or she is worth to it. Public demand (as American editors interpret it, at least) makes it impossible for the newspaper to assure its writers a balanced career. Among journalists themselves there prevails an atmosphere of Bohemianism, often forced, that sets a premium on improvidence and makes the studied career exceptional. The best word that can be said for the newspaper is that it offers to men with clear heads a stepping-stone to more stable things.

The trade journal, on the contrary, puts a premium on stability. Talent it requires hardly at all, for the superficial writing that attracts and astonishes has no place in its editorial scope. The trade journal does not even aim to interest, for it already has an interested following that will read the driest presentation of its especial kind of information. The more attractively such information can be served up, the better, of course, but precocious writing is more likely to be repressed than stimulated. There is plenty of routine work, but the worker is seldom loaded to the crushing point, because the

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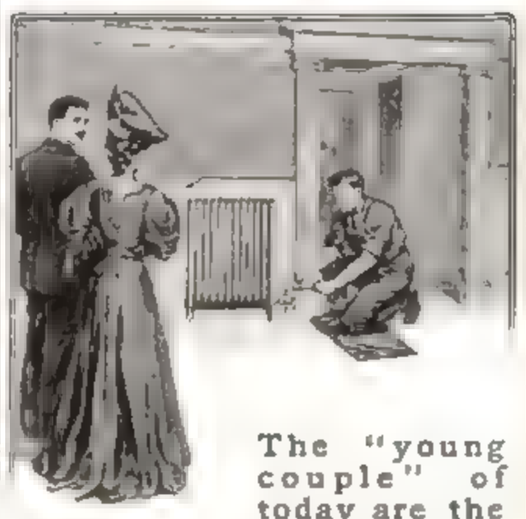

The "young couple" of today are the "old folks" of tomorrow. If the new home is equipped with Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam heating, they will enjoy now, and secure to their children and grandchildren, the sure, soft, uniform warmth which assists so much to make home *home*. An outfit of

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With comfortable new three room cottage like cut. These 25-acre poultry, fruit and vegetable farms are only two miles from Waverly, Va., a modern little town on the N. & W. Ry. midway between Norfolk and Richmond. Climate, water and markets for produce cannot be excelled.

Write for further information and for lists and booklets showing farms and plantations from $10 per acre up.

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volume of matter published in a trade journal is small compared with those yards of nothingness that pad out many daily newspaper pages. Trade journalism is a field of special writing that tends to make workers more and more valuable to the journals they serve as the years pass. On a newspaper the most stable positions are those of specialists, such as sporting, financial and literary editors. Trade journalism makes all its workers over into such specialists. The editor who "writes horse" on a daily paper lives more on his knowledge of racing in the past than by his treatment of to-day's news. A trade journal writer entering his special field with no very great certainty at the outset, hardly in touch with its leaders and its lingo, soon begins to acquire knowledge that will stand him in stead ten, and twenty, and thirty years later, if he continues to write about the same specialty. All trades, professions and commodities have men and measures to be correctly proportioned in their several presses, and the trade journalist's knowledge becomes more and more valuable to himself, and often indispensable to his publication, as he learns the importance of different business houses, the records and character of leading men, the weight of trade movements and tendencies and issues. When a man in the trade dies, the trade journalist knows whether he was somebody or nobody. When a novel measure is proposed or a new machine invented, he gives it correct proportions in the trade's literature. Every trade has its especial language, as full of symbols, allusions to matters that everybody in it knows, as elliptical and spicy as that of the racing or baseball page. These are tools the trade journalist acquires not by any study or literary effort, but simply through living in a certain trade field, meeting its men, visiting its warerooms and factories, reporting its conventions. They make him valuable to his publication, in consequence of which he squanders no thought upon the dreaded "shake-up" that forever hovers over a newspaper's editorial rooms.

An Atmosphere of Business

Instead of the pseudo-Bohemianism of Park Row, the trade journalist lives in an atmosphere of business, where to exhibit foresight, plan well, pay one's bills and meet obligations are constantly an ideal. He associates with business men, acquires business ability (which is largely arithmetic and gumption), and falls into the temperate living that is now the standard of the business world. His hours are normal daylight hours, and where press-day comes weekly or monthly the deadly pace and pressure of daily publication are unknown.

Compared with magazine writing, trade journalism shows even greater advantages as an employment for the man who writes for wages. Magazines seek talent and novelty in greater degree than the newspapers, and have need of little routine writing. Therefore, while they offer great rewards to a producer of popular fiction who can establish a reputation and continue to produce, it would be a serious error for the merely average man to seek among them a stable market for the workmanlike articles that newspapers buy in such quantity.

Probably the fascination of newspaper life leads more writers into it than any promise of a career. To live at such a vibrant centre of affairs, with fingers upon the nerves and arterial currents of human existence, is the temptation that wins most men to journalism. Trade journalism lacks the romance of the daily newspaper office, yet is by no means so dull or material a field of effort as one might imagine. Each trade is really a microcosm of life, reproducing in miniature the macrocosm of the newspaper. Trade journalism, for instance, has its politics and political movements. Among the engineering journals there may be camps of hot partisans for cinder concrete and hollow tile in fireproof construction, each backed by vested interests in the shape of corporations holding patents, each supported by experts who fight out mooted points in long letters. A catastrophe like the Baltimore fire sends them all photographing ruins, drawing deductions, demolishing theories and establishing principles that may go around the world. That conflagration brought fireproofing experts from Europe. Among the pharmaceutical journals there are movements for and against patent medicines, with discussions of such live questions as whether pharmacists shall prescribe or physicians dispense drugs to their patients. Menacing evils invade a certain field of trade, such as the trading stamp, and result in mass meetings of merchants not a whit less intense than political assemblies.

The Literature of Fall Shirtings

There is a "literature of exposure," revealing abuses in export trade, the substitution of shoddy or cotton in clothing sold as wool, the use of preservatives in foods, and the like. Fully three-fourths of such issues have direct bearing on the public good, and in following them the trade journalist is cooking no small kettle of fish. For the embryo Keats to report a retail drug store's celebration of its birthday with horns, and cymbals, and lutes, and thousands of free samples of pills, scents and cosmetics (at the manufacturer's expense), telling how many thousand of the saucer-eyed came to see, and how many policemen were necessary to handle them, may be in line with no great traditions of literature. Yet the same writer on a daily paper might be sent to interview the weather man or garble the speeches at a dinner of shoe manufacturers. Worming out the story of a murder or scandal for a sensational daily requires not more finesse than to call on the leading manufacturers in the haberdashery trade, and talk everything but fashions in fall shirts, and then go away and write an article on fall shirtings, announcing colors and patterns. Another murder mystery will have blotted out errors of statement in the daily newspaper article a month later, but the haberdashery trade will never forget an error of judgment as to the way that stripes will probably run. On a music trade journal the writer will be required to review the catalogues of a dozen competing piano houses, saying about each not only something that will be just, fresh and impressive to the compiler, an expression of one who discerns and appreciates, but so tactful an expression that the other eleven will have no reason to suspect partiality. An article on "Easier Feeling in New Dried Apricots" may be a masterpiece of reporting. There is also an interesting historical side to most trades. A biographical sketch of the dean of the cravat trade gives as wide scope as one could desire for "human interest" writing. Trade journal material is often intractable stuff, and to handle it well is not only good practice, but a source of pride. After forty years of business the dean of cravats is anxious to state nothing more spicy than that he bears no ill-will toward those who have never bought goods of him, or that the secret of his successful life has been a knack at always making the best goods in the market at the lowest possible prices. Then the thing to do is to lead him to bring out a box of cravats of thirty years ago and tell how the quaint styles originated, and to recall how he was one of a trade combination that coalesced in the late seventies and annihilated the paper collar. Trade journalism, like the daily newspaper, is a record of the doings of men. It reflects a small sector of society, but one that is alive all over. The attractions of it are not different in kind, but degree—and not always that.

Early trade journals were colorless records of fact because the writers who made them had few of the artifices of the trained writer. But the best of them to-day are interesting as well as informative, and the tendency is continually toward more interest. Along with market reports on crude drugs in the representative pharmaceutical journal, and its directions for building shelving or running a soda fountain, will be published articles of broad interest on Malay medicine, or Chinese pharmacy, or mediæval chemistry, or the stock of the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet as a collection of more or less effective medicinal agents. Side by side with the solid article of an engineer in the electrical or construction or mining journals will be the bright presentation of some scientific novelty or paradox that is clipped and copied widely by magazines and newspapers. The humanly interesting side of trade journal writing is steadily reflected in our general press, and not a few of these specialized periodicals are valued by persons quite outside their field for their tang of literary style or justness of opinion.

Formerly the puffing of advertisers' wares was common, but to-day representative trade journals maintain a high integrity in their text pages, and even censor their advertising sections.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers dealing with specialized journalism. The next will appear in an early issue.

Quaker Rice
(Puffed)
Copyright, 1906, by The American Cereal Co.
You cannot resist the temptation to eat Quaker Rice once you taste it—nor is there any reason why you should resist, because Quaker Rice agrees perfectly with even the weakest stomach
Quaker Rice
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is distinctly different from any other cereal you have ever tasted. It is
ade by a wonderful, patented process that puffs or inflates each rice
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Quaker Rice is
cooked and ready to serve with milk, cream or sugar, just as it comes from the package, altho' a minute's warming in a hot oven will add to its deliciousness.
Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10 cents the package
Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats. Address, Chicago, U. S. A

Royalty clad in the rags of poverty would betray its regal power. A beggar clothed in kingly garb would belie the mark of penury. Appearance (though sometimes superficial) is the standard by which men judge you.

Your letterhead is often the means used to interpret you and your business. Strength, quality and dignity is the threefold combination which makes

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"Look for the Water Mark"

a suitable spokesman for you. It is the standard paper for business stationery.

You should have the Book of Specimens which shows OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, made up into letterheads and other business forms used by prominent houses. *Write us on your letterhead.*

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The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

The Personal Correspondence of a Diplomat—By J. W. FOLEY

He Qualifies for the Portfolio of Finance

MAPLEVILLE, December 12.

Dear Uncle William.

I am liable to be in a good deal of trouble down here where I am going to school as you have no doubt heard from Mamma in which I would like your advice because of you being a lawyer and knowing the many ways of getting people out of trouble. I would have written to Papa about it but he or Uncle George not being a lawyer would not be as good for me as you are. I might go to some lawyer here but I was thinking you might not like it if I went outside of our family which might be a sort of reflection on you as if you were not good enough which is not the case. I am safe in telling you about it because a lawyer is always very confidential of their customers troubles never telling them around if they are guilty or not which is often very good for them. It would be often very bad for us if we had no good lawyers when we are in trouble which are able to get us out at a reasonable price so that we may never do it again.

I am a little overspent in my bills here which is giving me a great deal of worry and I was wondering what they can do to me if I cannot pay them by the time I have to go home for Christmas. Could any of them such as the steam laundry or the man that bakes pies for us very large at only ten cents apiece for apple and fifteen cents for mince do anything such as getting me in jail for not paying until after Christmas when I will be liable to save a little money? I would not mind going to jail so much but it would be a terrible thing on our family which would be the first one in it to get in jail. I do not believe Mamma would ever live if she found it out. What is the most they can do to you for sixty-five cents laundry not paid till after Christmas? Would you mind looking it up and letting me know and also what is best to say to the steam laundry for me not being able to pay now?

I will surely be able to pay all up after Christmas but owing to so many boys saying that which are not of the best intentions it is hard to get the laundry to always believe it. There are some other bills where I have overspent a little which I am making a list of so you will know more about my case and give you a better chance to know what I shall do such as follows:

Owing to the steam laundry for washing	65 cents
Owing for tintypes took for me and Jenny Gibbs in my new suit	20 cents
Owing for special pies on Wednesdays which are hash-day as I will explain below	40 cents
Owing for mixed candy for Jenny Gibbs	25 cents
Owing for total overspendings	1.50 cents

I ought not to have overspent my money but that does not do me any good to know although it is liable to be a good lesson for me if I can pay all up and never get in debt again. The special pies on hash-days were when we were on the strike against Wednesday hash and none of us would go to Wednesday dinner until it was not hash any more and having to buy pies down town sometimes having to pay next week on account of not having any spare money which keeps adding up. I am having to walk on the other side of the street from the pie man for the present which is beginning to be noticed when I am going down town. A good many of the boys are also walking on the other side which is very painful to know you have to do.

I was wondering if some of your customers would not have some writing in their cases that I could do evenings and make a little money. I would be willing to work very cheap up to $1.50 which would let me pay all up and walk on the pie man's side if I happened to not want to cross the street. I could do plain writing keeping very straight on the lines and no blots or bad spelling to be guaranteed. It would probably be very handy to know where you could get plain writing done prompt as I would be at your disposal any hour day or night very faithful and correct.

Papa would just as soon send me the money as not but where you are bound to earn it yourself it shows better stuff in you that is liable to help you in after years such as Abraham Lincoln splitting fence rails and being president much to their surprise.

If I could get the plain writing to do it would save you having to look up what they can do to you for the sixty-five cents laundry and what is best to say to them for me not being able to pay now. I suppose you are awful busy to be looking up such a small affair so may be the plain writing for me to do would be the best way. In after years when I am grown up we will probably have a good joke about me being so worried over it but it is more serious now before it is paid. It would be a great worry to Jenny Gibbs if she knew about me not yet paying for the tintypes and candy but she will never know as I will stand it all alone no matter what happens.

I am sorry to have to write so long a letter but it makes it plain which is better when you are in trouble. The having a fine lawyer in the family is a great thing for me.

I was wondering if I had ever thanked you for the pair of skates you sent me for last Christmas which were a splendid fit and caused me many pleasant hours before I am away from home and got behind with my laundry.

Your affectionate nephew

TOMMY.

P. S.—I would be willing to send samples of plain writing for any of your customers to see but not this letter which is private. TOMMY.

MAPLEVILLE, Dec. 17.

My Very Dear Uncle:

I do not know how I will ever be able to pay you for your kindness in sending me the five dollars to pay up my overspendings and have the balance to buy myself something for Christmas which was entirely unexpected beyond anything I could hope for. It came in a splendid time for the pie man was going to write my father about the forty cents which would have made a gloomy Christmas for me and our family. I would not have minded it so much for I deserved to be punished for what I have done in getting pies beyond my means but it would have been a very sad blow to Mamma which you have helped me to spare for her. A boy is liable to not think when he gets into such great trouble how it reflects on his parents which are entirely innocent of any crime but have to take their share of the blame. You do not know what a warm friend you have made in helping me out and I will be very glad if the time ever comes when you are in a terrible misfortune and I will be able to help you out of it which I will gladly do. If you need an office boy for part of my summer vacation I will be only too glad to work for nothing such as telling them when you are liable to be back and keeping your many customers in a good humor while they are waiting to see you.

I have been down and settled all my overspendings which is a great load off of my mind and was liable to be interfering with my studies. It is very strange how a little money at the right time makes everything so different-looking and happy. Still it is a question if a good stomach is not better than plenty of money and have to eat oatmeal all the time which is very frequent in people who have all the money they want but it always seems to be something to keep a person from being perfectly happy.

I am sorry about you not having any plain writing to do as it would probably be a fine thing for me to practice on if I should want to be a lawyer which is a splendid business with many rich customers paying well for getting out of trouble. A doctor is a very good chance too with plenty of diseases and accidents which are very grateful in his business but a lawyer gets the money without so much pain which is probably more pleasant and not having to get out of bed on cold nights. A minister is easier to be but not as satisfactory on account of usually small pay and many children with clothes wearing out very fast and the congregation very slow about raising the money. You would hardly ever write to a preacher in the family even for helping you out of your overspendings which he would like to do but he would probably not have the money

I would like to write you a long letter about my schooldays but it would probably not be very interesting to you being used to hearing so much trouble and many hard cases to occupy your mind. I suppose a lawyer gets very tired of everybody being criminals that want him to get them out of it.

I wonder if you would mind if I spent part of the extra money you sent me to buy a present for Jenny Gibbs before I go home for Christmas. It would be liable to make her think of me when I am away which would do us both a great deal of good. I was thinking of a large bottle of fine cologne which is only a dollar with a red ribbon bow around its neck. Such things are always pleasant for a girl to get and when it is on her bureau in plain sight no matter how long I am away she could not forget about me. Of course I would not think of spending any of the money that way unless you are sure it would be all right but if you knew Jenny Gibbs you would say it is none too good for a girl like her.

I am going to write to you often after this if you would care to hear from a boy of my age and I am never going to overspend my money again which is all on account of your kindness in getting me out of it.

Your affectionate nephew

TOMMY.

P. S.—I have asked the drug store man not to sell the bottle of cologne to anybody else until I hear from you. TOMMY.

Western Humor

PICTURESQUENESS of speech came naturally to the Western tongue, and often this was wholly spontaneous and unconscious on the part of the speaker. "That man," said a narrator one day, "why, he didn't have no *head*—only a patch of hair on top of his nose, with an eye on each side." Neither he nor his listeners thought of this as more than an accurate bit of description. Then there was the river guard on the Rio Grande, of whom I once purchased a six-shooter for a trip inland: "That's a shore good gun, Mister," said he; "I shot a Mexican with it yesterday, an' he rolled plumb over four times when he hit the ground." Which, as it proved, was the truth, innocently stated as a matter of interest only as showing the merits of the gun. Sometimes this naïve turn of thought took the form of ellipsis, sometimes of metaphor. If a man's horse threw him, he "sunned his moccasins." If he was killed, he "died with his boots on." If he died in bed, he "went over the range." If he was scared, he was "hard to catch." If he was married, he was "spliced." If he had a baby born to him, it was a "kid." Many of these phrases passed into the wider usage of accepted slang.

A sheriff in Kansas who wearied of his humdrum life sought relief in his own fashion. He planned an ambuscade, in which some friends of his were to shoot at him as he drove by in the night with a certain newcomer, who was to be the real victim of the plot. When the shots were fired the sheriff with a hollow groan fell out of the buggy. The tenderfoot whipped up the team and drove on the dead jump to town, where he gave the alarm that Jones was killed, a dozen miles back on the trail. A friend of the sheriff thought that the stranger had really killed Jones, and forthwith was of the opinion that he ought to kill the stranger, which he came very near doing. As it turned out, nobody was killed except one horse, which died from overdriving.

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The Exclusive Contract

A Reply to Mr. Armour

BY JOHN C. SCALES

MR. ARMOUR has unwittingly weakened his private car line case by calling public attention to the enormous annual tonnage of perishable commodities, for it is impossible, without a full knowledge and comprehension of the stupendous tonnage involved, to grasp the full force of the necessity of releasing the perishable food which forms this enormous tonnage from the iron grip which the monopoly of icing of refrigerator cars by private car lines is fastening upon it. This tonnage is not only vast, but constant, and, coming as it almost invariably does under the classification of first class, is so profitable to the railways that any material hindrance to its constant flow would finally bring those railways reaching into the perishable food producing section to the verge of ruin. To comprehend fully the immense tonnage and the vast interests involved in this private car line controversy, it is only necessary to state that, with the single exception of grain, practically three-quarters of the entire food of our eighty-odd millions of people is now transported either under refrigeration or in refrigerator cars and over as widely varying distances as one hundred to four thousand miles. Mr. Armour himself states that the fruit industry last year amounted to over $400,000,000, and it is the furnishing of ice for the refrigeration of the greater part of this stupendous output which the private car lines are attempting to bring, and are bringing, under control through a system of exclusive contracts *which, by shutting out all competition, enable those lines to charge whatever price they see fit for the ice furnished.* Is the lifting of this unbearable tax upon the food of this country to be appealed for in vain? It is a tax not levied by the Government but by private individuals evading all control by keeping without the pale of the law. Were this a governmental tax it would be a tax so obnoxious and inimical to the general welfare that no administration or party could exist that refused its repeal.

We now come to the most momentous question affecting the welfare of the American people that it has ever been the duty of the American Congress to answer. Is the Congress of these United States to leave the producers and consumers of the perishable food of this country without redress or relief from the shameful, intolerable condition of affairs brought about by permitting private car lines a free license to levy any price they see fit in the icing of refrigerator cars, neither limited nor bound by law—in instances without number charging as much—in many cases almost double—for the ice as the railway charges for carrying the freight? Is such an intolerable condition as this to go unheeded? Is a rate bill to be passed by the Congress and signed by the President of these United States which shall guard from extortion and injustice everything but the daily food of the people? We trust not; we cannot but believe that the light which has been already thrown upon this phase of rate legislation is sufficient to show to the Congress the gravity of the issue, and to show that the only way to guard the public from unjust and fraudulent practices in the icing of refrigerator cars is to have incorporated in the general rate bill a provision that shall *compel the carriers to separate the icing charge from the transportation rate, and compel them to set forth upon their freight-bills the quantity of ice furnished at each icing point, with cost per ton.* Such a provision is clear, simple, explicit, and without question constitutional.

It must be borne in mind by those who are framing the rate bill that any provision for the control of the icing of refrigerator cars must be framed in such a simple, business-like way that fraudulent practices and excessive charges can readily be discovered and the remedy quickly and easily applied—must be so framed that the shipper can see at a glance from his freight-bills how much ice has been furnished and how much has been charged per ton. This is certainly a moderate and reasonable request. There is no business man in the United States would dare refuse an itemized bill to a customer, and, judging from an intimate knowledge of the railway situation, the railways will make no demur to rendering upon their expense-bills the icing charges separate from the transportation charge, with quantity furnished and cost per ton, which is the method now in universal practice where the railways furnish the ice. *It is only where private car lines do the icing that they force the railways to a different system (lump sum) of billing, and the nefarious practices of the private car lines can only be controlled by crystallizing into law the system (itemized) of billing now universally practiced by the railways.* Under a rate bill void of such a controlling provision, the perishable food supply of this country is left without protection against the rapacity, extortion and cunning employed by private car lines.

But the people are not without hope that proper legislation will be had—hope inspired by the fact that the legislators, speaking broadly, are imbued with the gravity of the issue between the people on the one hand and overshadowing monopoly on the other. This attitude of the legislators should encourage and inspire the people everywhere to remain steadfast in their determination to have placed upon our statute-books a just and equitable rate law and to be satisfied with nothing less. No half-way measure will suffice; it must be a law that shall *completely* guard the highways of our country from the insidious and tremendous power which is gradually but surely concentrating in a few individuals the results of the labors and energies of a whole nation. If a halt is not called upon the present methods of concentrated capital in taking possession of every avenue of independent endeavor through control of transportation, it will be but a short time before this nation will be prostrate and suppliant at the feet of that most dangerous and merciless of all power, the unscrupulous power of money.

This is no appeal to the passions or prejudices of any class or condition. It is a sober, serious consideration of conditions as they exist to-day. If permitted to go on unchecked, what will those conditions be to-morrow? When we reflect that, one after another, all the prime necessaries which enter into the daily life of our eighty millions of people are stealthily, but none the less surely, being brought within the grasp and power of less than a score of men, where is the man bold enough or far-seeing enough to predict what the end will be?

Greek Meets Greek

DURING the beef investigation a branch manager for one of the largest Chicago packing firms took up the packers' defense on a railway train. In the smoking compartment of the Pullman a gentlemanly person had spoken of the "Beef Trust" in terms that were bitter.

"Now, see here, friend," said the beef man, who had come up from a butcher, "you hadn't ought to talk that way without knowing something about both sides."

"I know that I'm paying twenty-five cents a pound for tenderloin steak," insisted the first speaker.

"Why, you'd ought to pay thirty cents!" said the beef man.

He handed out his card and went into some interesting figures on beef prices.

"Eighty per cent. of the people want thirty per cent. of the critter in this country," he concluded.

It was a good piece of special pleading, and the first speaker was so persuaded by the force and good nature of the beef man's arguments that he apologized, and the two were decidedly friendly until the beef man got up to leave the train an hour later.

"Will you pardon me if I ask your name?" he asked.

"Certainly, certainly—I ask *your* pardon," replied the man who liked tenderloins. There was a perceptible hesitation, however, as he went down into his pocket for a card.

The man who liked tenderloins was a branch manager for the Standard Oil Company!

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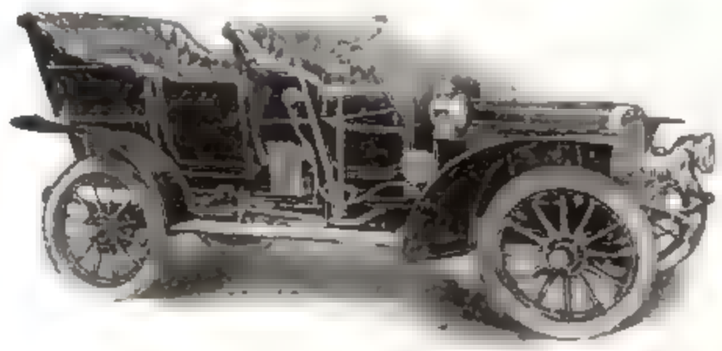

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The 1906 Reach Base Ball Guide

Sam Joplin's Epigastric Nerve

(Continued from Page 15)

book on Joplin's table. Catching it up as offering the only explanation of his unaccountable disappearance, she raced downstairs and, crossing the cobbles on a run, laid the letter in Stebbins' hand.

"For me, Tine?"

The girl nodded, her eyes on the painter's.

The painter broke the seal and his face grew serious. Then he beckoned to Marny and read the contents aloud, the others crowding close.

Dear Stebbins:

Keep my things until I send for them. I take the night train for Rotterdam. Tell Schönholz I'll join him there and go on with him to Fizzenbad. Sorry to leave this way, but I could not bear to bid you all good-by. JOPLIN.

III

THE table that night was one prolonged uproar. The conspirators had owned up frankly to their share of the villainy, and were hard at work concocting plans for its undoing. Marny was the one man in the group that would not be pacified; nothing that either Pudfut, Stebbins or Malone had said or could say changed his mind—and the discussion, which had lasted all day, brought him no peace.

"Drove him out!—that's what you did, you bull-headed Englishman—you and Malone and Stebbins ought to be ashamed of yourselves. If I had known what you fellows were up to I'd have pitched you all over the dike. Cost Joppy a lot of money and break up all his summer work! What did you want to guy him like that for and send him off to be scalded and squirted on in a Dutch ——"

"But we didn't think he'd take it as hard as that."

"You didn't, didn't you! What *did* you think he'd do? Didn't you see how sensitive and nervous he was? The matter with you fellows is that Joppy is a thoroughbred and you never saw one of his kind in your life. Ever since he got here you've done nothing but jump all over him and try to rile him, and he never squawked once—came up smiling every time. He's a thoroughbred—that's what he is!"

The days that followed were burdened with a sadness the coterie could not shake off. Whatever they had laughed at and derided in Joplin they now longed for. The Bostonian may have been a nuisance in one way, but he had kept the ball of conversation rolling—had started it many times—and none of the others could fill his place. Certain of his views became respected. "As dear old Joppy used to say," was a common expression, and "By Jove, he was right!" not an uncommon opinion. In conformity with his teachings, Marny reduced his girth measure an inch and his weight two pounds—not much for Marny, but extraordinary all the same when his appetite was considered.

Pudfut, in contrition of his offense, wrote his English friend Lord Something-or-other, who owned the yacht, and who was at Carlsbad, begging him to run up and see the "best ever" and "one of us"—and Malone never lost an opportunity to say how quick he was in repartee, or how he missed him. Stebbins kept his mouth shut.

He had started the crusade, he knew, and was personally responsible for the result. He had tried to arouse Joplin's obstinacy and had only aroused his fears. All he could do in reparation was to keep in touch with the exile and pave the way for his home-coming. If Joppy was ill, which he doubted, some of the German experts in whom the Bostonian believed would find the cause and the remedy. If he was "sound as a nut," to quote Joplin's own words, certainty of that fact, after an exhaustive examination by men he trusted, would relieve his nervous mind and make him all the happier.

The first letter came from Schönholz. Liberally translated, with the assistance of Mynheer, who spoke a little German, it conveyed the information that the Bostonian, after being put on a strict diet, had been douched, pounded and rubbed; was then on his second week of treatment; had one more to serve; was at the moment feeling like a fighting-cock, and after a fifth week at Stückbad, in the mountains, where he was to take the after-cure, would be as strong as a three-year-old, and as frisky.

The second letter was from Joplin himself and was addressed to Stebbins. This last was authentic, and greatly relieved the situation. It read:

Nothing like a thoroughly trained expert, my dear Stebbins. These German savants fill me with wonder. The moment Dr. Stüffen fixed his eyes upon me he read my case like an open book. No nitrogenous food of any kind, was his first verdict; hot douches and complete rest packed in wet compresses, the next. I am losing flesh, of course, but it is only the "dead wood" of the body, so to speak. This Dr. Stüffen expects to replace with new shoots—predicts I will weigh forty pounds more—a charming and, to me, a most sane theory. You will be delighted also to hear that my epigastric nerve hasn't troubled me since I arrived. Love to the boys, whom I expect to see before the month is out. JOPPY.

"Forty pounds heavier!" cried Marny from his end of the table. "He'll look like a toy balloon in knee pants. Bully for Joppy! I wouldn't let any Schweizerkäse with a hot douche get within a hundred yards of me, but then I'm not a bunch of nerves like Joppy. Anyhow, boys, we'll give the lad a welcome that will raise the roof. Joppy thin was pretty good fun, but Joppy fat will be a roaring farce."

And so it was decided, and all sorts and kinds of welcomes were discussed, modified, rearranged and discussed again. Pudfut suggested meeting him in Rotterdam and having a night of it. Malone thought of chartering a steam launch, hiring a band and bringing him past the towns with flags flying. Stebbins and Marny favored some demonstration nearer home, where everybody could join in.

The program finally agreed upon included a pathway of boughs strewn with wild flowers from the steamboat landing, across the planking, over the cobbles, under the old Gate of William of Orange, and so on to the door of the inn; the appointment of Tine, dressed in a Zeeland costume belonging to her grandmother, as special envoy, to meet him with a wreath of laurel, and Johann in short clothes—also heirlooms—was to walk by his side as First Groom of the Bed Chamber.

The real Reception Committee, consisting of Mynheer in a burgomaster suit borrowed from a friend, and the four painters—Marny as a Dutch Falstaff, Pudfut as a Spanish Cavalier, Stebbins gotten up as a Night Watch, and Malone in the costume of a Man-at-Arms—all costumes loaned for the occasion by the antiquary in the next street—were to await Joplin's coming in the privacy of the Gate—almost a tunnel—which was so close to the door of the inn that it might have passed for a part of the establishment itself.

Meantime the four painters were to collect material for the decoration of the coffee-room—wreaths of greens over the mantel and festoons of ivy hanging down the back of Joplin's chair being prominent features; and Mynheer, Tine and Johann were to concentrate their energies in preparing a dinner the like of which had never been eaten since the sluiceways in the dikes drowned out the Spanish duke. Not a word of all this, of course, had reached the ears of the Bostonian. Half, three-quarters, if not all, the enjoyment of the occasion would be realized when they looked on Joplin's face and read his surprise.

The eventful day at last arrived. Stebbins, as prearranged, had begged the exile to telegraph the exact hour of his departure and mode of travel from Rotterdam, suggesting the boat as being by far the best, and Joplin had answered in return that Fop Smit's packet, due at sundown the following day, would count him among its passengers.

The deep tones of the whistle off Papendrecht sent every man to his post, the villagers standing back in amazement at the extraordinary spectacle, especially at Tine and Johann in their queer clothes, who, being instantly recognized, were plied with questions.

The boat slowed down; made fast; out came the gangplank; ashore went the little two-wheel carts drawn by the sleepy, tired dogs; then the baskets of onions were rolled off, and the few barrels of freight, and

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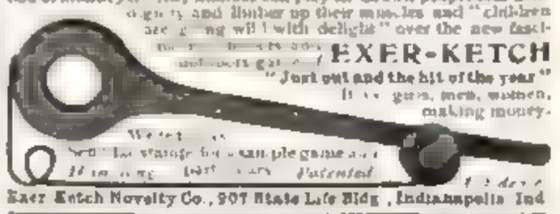

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then two or three passengers—among them a small, feeble man, in a long coat reaching to his knees—made their way to the dock.

NO JOPPY!!

"That's the last man to come ashore here," said Marny. "What's become of the lad?"

"Maybe he's gone aft," cried Stebbins; "maybe——"

Here Tine gave a little scream, dropped her wreath and running toward the small man threw her arms around his neck. Marny and the others bounded over the cobbles, tossing the bystanders out of the way as they forged ahead.

Mynheer, in his burgomaster suit, met the party at the door, conducted them inside and silently drew out the chairs at the coffee-room table

Joplin dropped into the one hung with ivy and rested his hands on the table.

"Lord! how good it is to get here!" he said, gazing about him, a tremble in his voice. "You don't know what I've gone through, boys."

"Why, we thought you were getting fat, Joppy," burst out Marny at last. Up to this time his voice seemed to have left him, so great was his surprise and anxiety.

Joplin waved his forefinger toward Marny in a deprecatory way, as if the memory of his experience was too serious for discussion, played with his fork a moment, and said slowly:

"Will you lay it up against me, fellows, if I tell you the truth? I'm not as strong as I was and a good deal of the old fight is out of me."

"Lay up nothin'!" cried Malone. "And when it comes to fightin' ye kin count on me every——"

"Dry up!" broke in Marny. "You're way off, Malone. No, Joppy, not a man here will open his head: say the rest."

"Well, then, listen," continued the Bostonian. "I did everything they told me: got up at daylight; walked around the spring seven times; sipped the water; ate what they prescribed; lay in wet sheets two hours every day; was kneaded by a man with a chest as hairy as a satyr's and arms like a blacksmith's; stood up and was squirted at; had everything about me looked into—even stuck needles in my arm for a sample of my blood; and at the end of three weeks was so thin that my trousers had to be lapped over in the back under a leather strap to keep them above my hips, and my coat hung down as if it were ashamed of me. Doctor Stüffen then handed me a certificate and his bill. This done he stood me up and repeated this formula—has it printed—all languages:

"'You have now thrown from your system every particle of foul tissues, Mr.—ah, yes—Mr. Joblin, I believe.' And he looked at the paper. 'You thought you were reasonably fat, Mr. Joblin. You were not fat, you were merely bloated. Go now to Stückbad for two weeks. There you will take the after-cure; keep strictly to the diet, a list of which I now hand you. At the expiration of that time you will be a strong man. Thank you—my secretary will send you a receipt.'

"Well, I went to Stückbad—crawled really—put up at the hotel and sent for the resident doctor, Professor Ozzenbach, Member of the Board of Pharmacy of Berlin, Specialist on Nutrition, Fellow of the Royal Society of Bacteriologists, and President of the Vienna Association of Physiological Research. He looked me all over and shook his head. He spoke broken English—badly.

"'Who has dreated you, may I ask, Meester Boblin?'

"'Doctor Stüffen, at Fizzenbad.'

"'Ah, yes, a fery goot man, but a leedle de times behint. Vat did you eat?'

"I handed him the list.

"'No vonder dot you are thin, my frent—yoost as I expected—dis ees de olt deory of broteids. Dot is all oxbloded now. Eef you haf stay anuder mont you vould be dead. Everytng dot he has dold you vas yoost de udder way; no bread, no meelk, no vegebubbles—noddings of dis, not von leedle bit. I vill make von leest—come to-morrow.'"

"Did you go, Joppy?" inquired Stebbins.

"*Did I go?* Yes, back to the depot and on to Cologne. That night I ate two plates of sauerkraut, a slice of pork and a piece of cheese the size of my hand; slept like a top, and the next morning let out two holes in the leather strap holding up my trousers. Get on your feet, boys! Here's to Marny, the human kangaroo, and his sixty-inch waist! May his shadow never grow less!"

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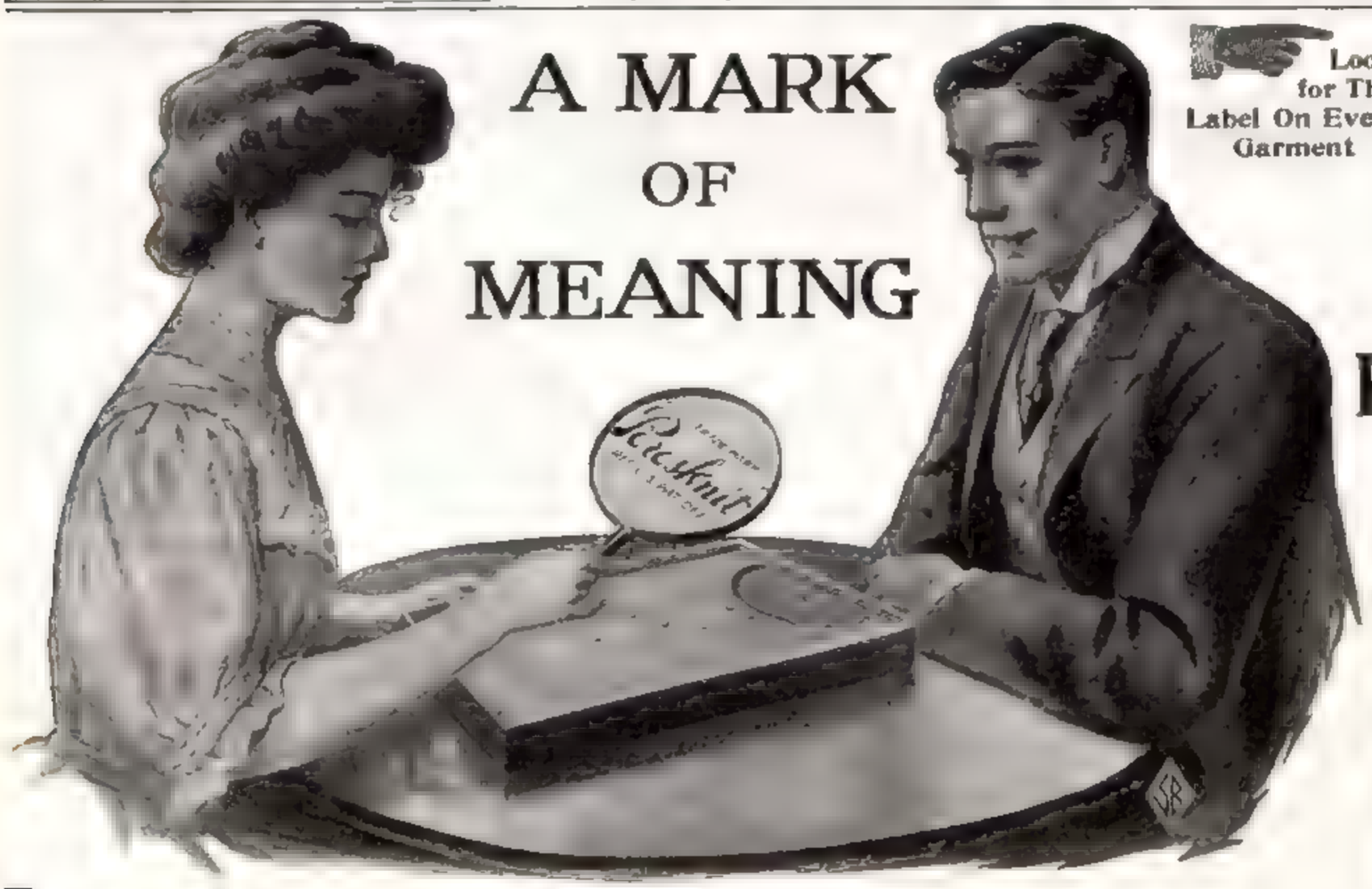

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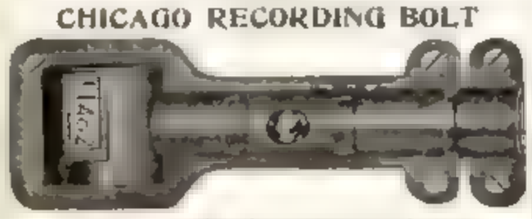

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THE RUSSIAN BASTILLE

(Continued from Page 7)

windows the twilight deepened, till I could see only the great arched neck of the horse and the Boyar's huge face staring—thinking.

"I managed my studies as I pleased. I had a French governess—very little, but so tremendous in her enthusiasms that she had to talk at lightning speed to speak all she felt. With her I read in French the noblest poems of France and England, Italy, Germany. And each poem I liked best she assured me was French!

"But most of all I loved music. I learned the piano from my good German governess, who was silent and kind and deep in her feelings. I had a piano in my own apartments, and here she would play for hours—Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner; but, best of all, Tschaikowsky and Glinka and the other great Russians. Sometimes until long after midnight she played, and even then I was angry when she stopped.

"I was great friends with the fat, rosy old master in our peasant log schoolhouse. And there on holidays we had wonderful singing. With nearly a hundred children around me, I sat at the piano, crashing on the keys the old peasant songs. What wild, rich harmonies! What true poetic feeling! And the parents would come, men and women in their big brown and yellow sheepskin cloaks. And on their broad, honest faces—what proud, delighted smiles!

"I sang for them. I was only seventeen and my voice was very crude, but I felt such deep, strange feelings that I was swept away and sang on and on, not knowing where I was, but only feeling—until at last I would rouse and stare about me.

"And then all around were the big, broad, peasant faces motionless—but the eyes were kindling! And no one spoke except in whispers; some old people cried; till suddenly the children rushed out and danced and shouted on the snow. And then the peasants would go. Only a few remained—still staring. And the old schoolmaster would come to me and take my hand and in a shaking voice would say:

"'Some day you will sing—in the highest places! But—I fear for you! You feel too deep!'

"Kind old master—I left his little schoolhouse soon. For my father had brought me a teacher from Moscow. This teacher had brought men from the opera to hear me, and soon it was decided that I should go to Rome.

"There I found the deepest beauty in the world. At first I did not feel it, but I grew swiftly older, and then I felt. It was not only in the pictures, the statues, or even in the music. The noblest beauty of all was in the struggle for freedom!

"How splendid life became! It was as though I had stepped from a hot, narrow room out to a mountain-peak—from living just for myself up into living for all! And I resolved to give all my life to singing the songs of freedom to my people in poor bleeding Russia.

"I must sing my best. In Rome, in Vienna and then in Berlin I studied hard, so hard that my masters often made me stop for weeks to rest. I had the greatest masters and they made much of my voice. Through their friendship and the letters from my father I was presented to all the fine people. I saw the court life—wealth, luxury, extravagance. But from all the people I met I chose for my friends the great champions of the movement for freedom.

"At last I returned to Moscow. And there for a time I went back into the life of my home. My proud old father was so eager for my happiness, and I loved him so, that at last I gave in. He had chosen from my suitors a Moscow prince, young and imperious, a deep lover of music. I thought that I was in love. And we married.

"Living in his palace in Moscow I tried to enter the gay life at the court of the Grand Duke. But the endless round of dissipations, corruption and cynicism; this life with no end but the spending of money—it sickened me.

"And at last, one night to our palace came a simple young girl.

"'What do you feel?' she asked. 'Last night in the concert I heard you sing a ballad of freedom. In your song was a tragedy. What do you feel?'

"I told her. And we talked late into the night. She was the daughter of a rich

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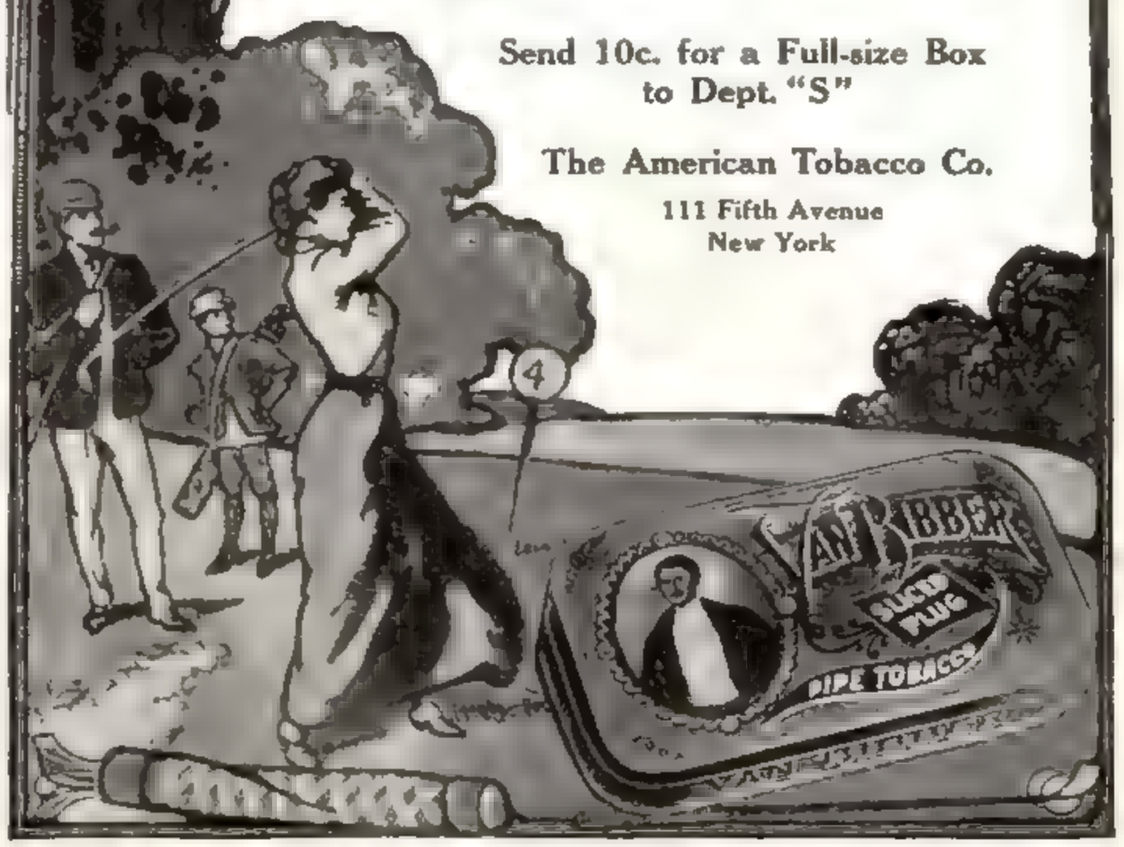

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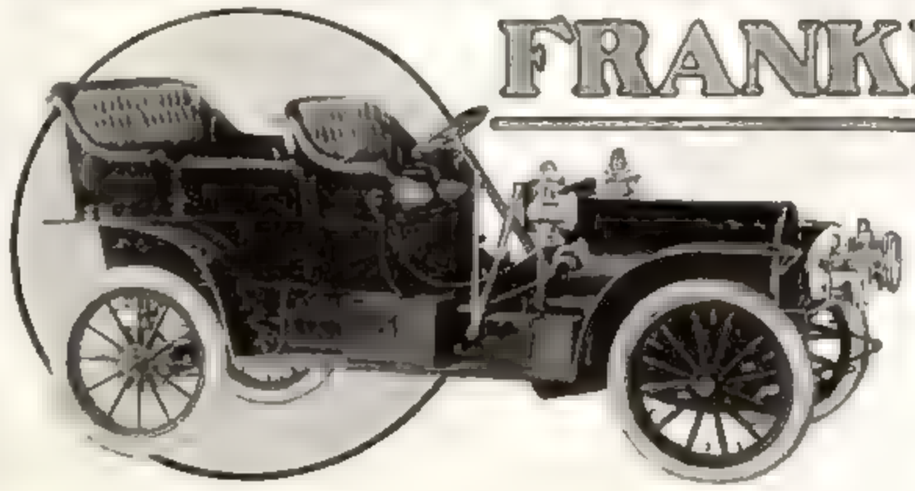

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Petersburg merchant; she had gone through the University there, and then, at twenty-one, she had left all for the Revolutionist movement. For this cause she begged me to sing.

"She brought to me Revolutionist leaders. That spring I began going to secret tenement meetings, where I met men and women from all classes. I joined their party.

"How angry was my husband! He tried to make me leave all this. I refused. And so I left him.

"When the opera season was over I dressed in coarse peasant clothes and started out to sing the Revolution.

"That was a happy summer. With me were three others—the young Petersburg girl, a young actor from Moscow, and a gray, middle-aged doctor who had been exiled nine years in Siberia. We had a huge covered wagon which could be opened into a little stage behind. And in this we traveled from village to village down into the south of Russia. In each village was some Revolutionist—a school-teacher, a workman or a peasant—who had made ready for our coming. We set up our little stage, the peasants crowded around, and there we kept them for hours—at night—when the stupid country police were away or asleep or drunken.

"In the fall I came back to Moscow. I was warned to leave. I came to Petersburg and sang for a time in the opera. I was careful now. My songs of freedom I sang only in secret down in the workingmen's quarters, or in meetings of students.

"But one day, when these students, young men and girls, were parading and singing the Marseillaise, I saw the Cossacks gallop in with nagaikas and pistols, lashing and shooting to right and left!

"The summer had come and the rich people were going out to the shores of the Baltic. There, in a great summer resort, I arranged a concert; I invited all my rich court friends; and when they had come—I sang the Marseillaise!

"In consternation these people fled. The police broke in and seized me. And so I came here."

. . . . . .

But day by day the old gray walls silently crushed the body and soul of this woman. Day by day, by her tapping, we could feel her grow more weak. Then came long days when she tapped not. And at last she spoke again—only this:

"Comrades, the prison doctor has been here. I have consumption. Soon I must die."

After that—a long silence.

Then in the midnight darkness—at first like an echo, but swelling deeper, wilder, richer—rose her voice! Fighting back the walls! How the wild folk-songs poured into our souls, lifting us far away into free skies, into radiant dreams! I could see again the peasant huts, the faces, and the kindling eyes!

Then she sang the Marseillaise. And as the old song came through the thick blackness, each stood up in his cell hands clenched, breath quick, heart throbbing, soul ablaze!

After that—no more tappings. For the old gray walls that have caused so many hundred suicides in Russia, these walls again had done their work.

Then—only the walls.

My cell grew worse and worse. I, too, began to cough, to freeze and to burn with the fever. I began to see visions.

Armies marching, great flags waving, the deep roar of a million voices—the Revolution had come! And from far behind the roar, pouring through it all, rich and thrilling, a voice singing the Marseillaise!

I awoke. Only the four gray walls, the cough, the burning of the fever, the freezing.

Soup and black bread, black bread and soup, soup and black bread.

I wonder if the Polish prince heard the people rejoicing last autumn; I wonder if he will still be alive on the day when the fortress is burst open and the buried are brought into the glad light of day.

That day will soon come!

For the French Bastille was mighty as Peter and Paul. But the French Bastille was destroyed.

Sometimes in my dreams I can hear a voice, rich and deep and thrilling, pouring through heavy gray walls, singing of hope and justice and life and joy for all the world! Singing of Freedom! Singing the Marseillaise!

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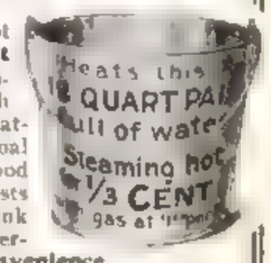

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AS THE ROMANS DO

(Concluded from Page 9)

"Well, take glue," said Bushnell. "A long time ago, when Alvah J. Brainbridge was a young man and in the lower House, there was an everlasting fight over the Government's mucilage contracts. Brainbridge had a law-partner in Salem. This law-partner suddenly came into possession of a good block of stock in a mucilage concern. I suppose it was given to him. Then that concern walked off with the Government's contracts, and gradually grew rich enough to absorb the other glue concerns, although they still pretend to be independent. That was a long time ago. I suppose, if you could get hold of the stock-books now, you'd find that the mucilage business is mostly owned by Senator Brainbridge's family and connections. You see, if there was any graft it was so long ago that it's been fairly outlawed. Now, the glue companies don't own the Senator; the Senator owns the glue companies. It's in the air here that Government mucilage is Brainbridge's vested right. The Government is permanently stuck up with it. It isn't graft now, but prestige and courtesy and so on. I don't suppose you could get your glue in with a battery. What could Johnny Wesner do against the boss of the Senate?"

It happened that Wesner had not left his office. Lefens, entering, stated his errand plumply:

"I have decided to quit. I want that stock back."

The lobbyist smiled. "Oh, no," he said. "It's too good a thing. We don't do business that way."

"I suppose you can keep it if you've a mind to," said Lefens, simply, and arose, yet loitered in a thoughtful way at the end of the desk.

"Sure, I'll keep it!" Wesner replied calmly, and closed the desk conclusively. He got up coolly to go home.

"Also keep this," said Lefens, and projected his large fist with unwonted agility. Wesner fell over the corner of the desk, landing with his head in the waste-paper basket.

As Lefens walked out unhaltingly, the stenographer, alarmed by the crash, peered in and uttered a cry of dismay to behold her employer's legs waving in the air.

Lefens was not in a hurry. The whole situation was clear to him. Wesner and Tommy Mortimer, between them, had control of his glue company—Wesner having been given forty-nine per cent. of the stock, and Mortimer holding ten per cent. as security for the loan. The change in his pocket was barely sufficient to pay his board-bill.

He went to his lodging, discharged his debt to the landlady, and instructed that his trunk was to be kept until called for. Then he sat down and executed a most remarkable assignment of his glue patents to Alvah J. Brainbridge, which he inclosed in a letter to the Senator that was no less remarkable. He said, in effect, that he hoped the statesman would deem it worth while to take the company away from Wesner and Mortimer and add it to his own extensive collection. It was now midnight, but there was still something to be done. He opened the trunk and took out the small black book, "Mit Gott."

It seemed that a further entry was required, but as he paced the room, book in hand, studying how to frame it suitably, the task seemed more and more difficult. Finally he stopped plumply, still holding the book.

"Well," he said aloud, with perfect gravity, and as though he were speaking to some person in the room, "I guess you can keep books better than I can, anyway."

Toward morning a few residents of the northern outskirts who were astir observed a large, comely young man, in long coat and silk hat, vigorously striding toward Philadelphia.

MONEY IN FLOWERS

PEOPLE generally do not realize how good a demand there is for certain things in the greenery line that are very common. Oak foliage, in its autumn richness, is used very largely now in decorating, particularly in connection with chrysanthemums. A bundle of these twigs as big as a half-bushel basket readily brings the picker twenty-five cents. Common fern leaves are also used in immense quantities; Chicago alone requires twenty million of them annually, for which the pickers are paid a dollar a thousand. Common ground pine, found in profusion in the woods of Michigan and Wisconsin, is readily salable and the market for it is increasing. Any person living where these things can be gathered and shipped need never lack, in season, for employment that will at least pay good day wages.

The following instructions are sent to amateur growers by one of the largest wholesale florists in the West:

"Peonies, lilac, daffodils, narcissus, jonquils, lily-of-the-valley, cape jessamine, asters, sweet peas, all sell if of good quality. We would advise shipping no other garden flowers without first getting our advice. All flowers should be cut with *long stems* (short-stemmed flowers do not sell). Flowers should have two or more hours' drink in cellar or other cool place before packing. Avoid wetting the bloom.

"PEONIES should be cut when one-fourth to one-third open, with not less than 16-inch stems—longer if possible. Strip off the lower one-third of foliage and tie twelve to the bunch, close to the end of stems, *colors separate*. After drink, wrap each bunch tight in an old newspaper, close the end, and pack snug. Ship only double ones. *Single* peonies, short stems or wide-open bloom will not sell.

"LILAC. Grow *old purple* and white only. *Persian* lilac does not sell well. Lilac should be cut when dry, with not less than 14-inch stems; longer stems are still better. Cut when the lower one-third to one-half of the bloom on truss is open with two to four inches of buds at top still unopened. Full-blown lilac will shake. Lilacs should be tied in bunches of uniform size, say thirty to thirty-five trusses. Use extra care not to wet the bloom or it will brown. Lilacs must be packed loosely; if packed tightly they will heat quickly and all drop off. From white lilac strip off all the foliage or it will wilt and not recover. Tie some old foliage with each bunch. Do not have to strip purple lilac.

"DAFFODILS, NARCISSUS and JONQUILS should be cut with as long stems as possible and tied twenty-six or twenty-seven to the bunch, close to end of the stems. It is well to wrap each bunch in tissue-paper or pack it loosely with soft paper between layers; but the flowers must be bunched.

"VALLEY. Cut long as possible, twenty-six or twenty-seven to the bunch, with about half as many leaves to each bunch. Tie close to the end of the stems and pack same as narcissus.

"CAPE JESSAMINE. Grow '*grandiflora*' only—the little wild hedge-grown variety does not sell well. The blooms must have stems at least 12 inches in length, and longer if possible. Cut buds only when they are about ready to burst, showing white, and wrap ten to the bunch in several thicknesses of *wet* newspaper and pack tightly in boxes of 100 or 200, or more—even hundreds in each box. Short stems or wide-open jessamine will not sell.

"EARLY SWEET PEAS. Grow the *white and pink shades* with long stems, putting twenty-five to the bunch, with colors separate. Wrap each bunch in tissue or oil paper and pack loosely.

"ASTERS. *White, pink and purple* asters, if grown to single stem and large bloom, will sell. Cut long stems and tie twenty-six to the bunch, close to end, with colors separate.

"Send *no other flowers unless advised*. Pack in as light boxes as possible; old berry boxes are good, with centre cleat knocked out. Where you have two or more small boxes, attach them to save on expressage, and put name and address *plainly* on *each* box, with number of blooms contained. Try to ship so the goods will reach the market in early morning, and in cold weather be sure to line boxes heavily with old newspapers to prevent frost."

These suggestions are based upon years of experience in selling flowers and will be invaluable to the novice in floral gardening if faithfully followed.

Plan to spend your vacation on

The Pacific Coast

¶ Now is the time for you to plan how you will spend your Summer vacation. Don't wait until you are ready to go, but have your plans all made in advance. You could not take any trip that will be more enjoyable, more delightful or more instructive than one to the glorious Pacific Coast. You will thoroughly enjoy the scenes and incidents of such a tour at the time, and you will live them over again in happy memory for years to come.

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THE CASE OF MR. CARDEN

(Continued from Page 5)

She had seen Carden turn a vivid pink; she now saw him fidget with his walking-stick; she discovered the blue circles under his eyes. Three symptoms at once!

"Do you believe it *possible?*" she whispered excitedly under her breath to the old gentleman beside her. "It seems incredible! Such a rare disease! Only one single case ever described and studied! It seems impossible that I could be so fortunate as to actually see a case! Tell me, Doctor Atwood, do you believe that young man is really afflicted with Lamour's Disease?"

"There is but one way to be absolutely certain," said the old gentleman in a solemn voice, "and that is to study him; corroborate your suspicions by observing his pulse and temperature as did Doctor Lamour."

"But—how can I?" she faltered. "I—he would probably object to becoming a patient of mine——"

"Ask him, child! Ask him."

"I have not courage——"

"Courage should be the badge of your profession," said the old gentleman gravely. "When did a good physician ever show the white feather in the cause of humanity?"

"I—I know, but this requires a different sort of courage."

"How," persisted the old gentleman, "can you confirm your very natural suspicions concerning this unfortunate young man unless you corroborate your observations by studying him at close range? Besides, already it seems to me that certain unmistakable signs are visible; I mean that strange physical phase which Doctor Lamour dwells on: the symmetry of feature and limb, the curiously spiritual beauty. Do you not notice these? Or is my sight so dim that I only imagine it?"

"He is certainly symmetrical—and—in a certain way—almost handsome in regard to features," she admitted, looking at Carden.

"Poor, poor boy!" muttered the old gentleman, wagging his gray whiskers. "I am too old to help him—too old to dream of finding a remedy for the awful malady which I am now convinced has seized him. I shall study him no more. It is useless. All I can do now is to mention his case to some young, vigorous, ambitious physician—some specialist——"

"Don't!" she whispered almost fiercely—"don't do that, Doctor Atwood! I want him, please! I—you helped me to discover him, you see. And his malady is to be my specialty. Please, do you mind if I keep him all to myself and study him?"

"But you refused, child."

"I didn't mean to. I—I didn't exactly see how I was to study him. But I must study him! Oh, I *must!* There will surely be some way. Please let me. You discovered him, I admit, but I will promise you faithfully to devote my entire life to studying him, as the great Lamour devoted his life for forty years to his single patient."

"But Doctor Lamour married his patient," said the Tracer mildly.

"He—I—that need not be necessary——"

"But if it should prove necessary?"

"I—you——"

"Answer me, child."

She stared across at Carden, biting her red lips. He turned pink promptly and fidgeted.

"He *has* got it!" she whispered excitedly. "Oh, *do* you mind if I take him for mine? I am perfectly wild to begin on him!"

"You have not yet answered my question," said the old gentleman gravely. "Do you lack the courage to marry him if it becomes necessary to do so in order to devote your entire life to studying him?"

"Oh—it *cannot* be necessary——"

"You lack the courage."

She was silent.

"Braver things have been done by those of your profession who have gone among lepers," said the old gentleman sadly.

She flushed up instantly; her eyes sparkled; her head proudly high; delicate nostrils dilated.

"I am not afraid!" she said. "If it ever becomes necessary, I *can* show courage and devotion as well as those of my profession who minister to the lepers of Molokai! Yes; I do promise you to marry him if I cannot otherwise study him. And I promise you solemnly to devote my entire

The author's labors are deserving of the highest praise. I most heartily recommend the work for study and convenient reference.
Benjamin Harrison.

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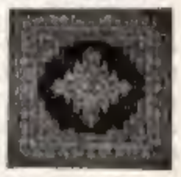

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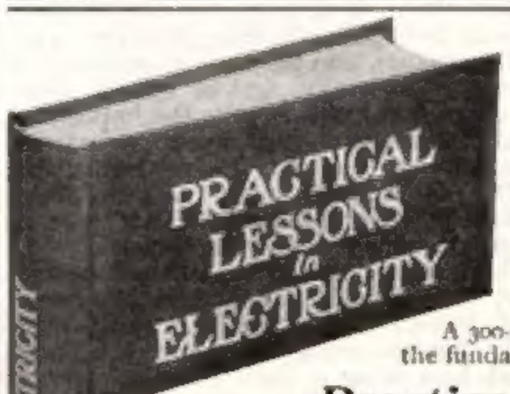

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life to observing his symptoms and searching for proper means to combat them. My one ambition in life is personally to observe and study a case of Lamour's Disease, and to give my entire life to investigating its origin, its course and its cure."

The old gentleman rose, bowing with that quaintly obsolete courtesy which was in vogue in his youth.

"I am contented to leave him exclusively to you, Doctor Hollis. And I wish you happiness in your life's work—and success in your cure of this unhappy young man."

Hat in hand, he bowed again as he tottered past her, muttering and smiling to himself and shaking his trembling head as he went rocking on unsteady legs out into the sunshine, where the nursemaids and children flocked along the lake shore throwing peanuts to the waterfowl and satiated goldfish.

Doctor Hollis looked after him, her small hand buried among the pages of her open book.

Carden viewed his disappearing figure with guileless emotions. He was vaguely aware that something important was about to happen to him. And it did before he was prepared.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Oddities and Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

SIGHT FOR THE BLIND—HOW ANTISEPTIC SURGERY HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE TREATMENT OF CATARACT.

ONLY a few years ago, before the days of antiseptic surgery, more than thirty per cent. of all operations performed for cataract of the eye were unsuccessful, resulting in permanent and hopeless blindness for the patient. This was because neither the instruments used nor the surgeon's hands were sterilized, and microbes were thus enabled to invade the wound, bringing suppurative infection.

At the present time only about two operations of this kind out of every hundred fail, and the occurrence of infection in any such case would condemn the physician as a bungler. Cataract, of course, is not, as is popularly supposed, a film that forms over the eye, but merely an opacity of the crystalline lens, which lies directly behind the little round hole called the pupil. This necessarily implies obscuration of vision, and the only way to get rid of the mischief is to remove the lens bodily.

This is accomplished by thrusting a thin-bladed and exceedingly sharp knife downward into the eye from above, inserting the point at the edge of the "cornea" (which covers the front of the organ like a watch-glass), and making an arc-shaped slit. The capsule that holds the lens is also cut, permitting the latter, by the help of gentle pressure, to be pushed out and removed. Of course, the watery fluid escapes from the anterior chamber of the eye, but it is replaced by Nature within a few days, and the organ is soon as serviceable as ever—though glasses have to be worn, to take the place, in an optical sense, of the lens that is gone.

Under the old method it was customary for the oculist, before attempting the operation for cataract, to bleed and purge his patient—the notion being that such treatment had a tendency to diminish the likelihood of bad results. Afterward the victim was kept in a dark room for quite a while. Nowadays, however, it is known that such preliminary precautions were of less than no value, and the patient is merely required to avoid bright light for a few days.

CHLOROPHYLL AND COOKERY—WHEN THE PEAS LOSE THEIR GREEN YOU MAY BE SURE THEY'RE OVERDONE.

THE average cook, unfortunately, has never heard of chlorophyll. She does not know that this coloring substance, which gives to peas, beans and spinach their beautiful green hue, will tell her exactly when those articles of food should be taken off the fire. Yet it is a fact that each vegetable will serve as its own indicator in this respect.

Heat, beyond a certain point, destroys chlorophyll. And this seems, by a coincidence, to be exactly the point at which cooking is fully accomplished. But, if the peas and beans have turned even the slightest bit yellow, it is a sign that they are too much done. Hence it is the business of the cook to watch the color with an anxious eye, and to remove the vegetables from the fire while they are still vividly green.

Evidently an amount of heat sufficient to destroy the chlorophyll will also destroy the somewhat complex chemical substances, such as ethers and volatile oils, which give flavor to vegetables. These substances pour out with the red juice when a beet, in the process of cooking, is stuck with a fork. A good cook avoids such an accident, because she knows that beets, if they "bleed," will appear in the dish both colorless and flavorless.

Asparagus, like peas and beans, must not be cooked until it loses its green color. Of course, the most expensive asparagus nowadays is blanched and nearly white; but, as any judicious person who has tried it will admit, it is somewhat lacking in flavor. In this case, apparently, deprivation of chlorophyll involves the taking away of some of the taste. But blanched asparagus is recognized as a "fancy" article, and, if one would be fashionable, one should be willing to make sacrifices.

SEED PACKETS BY THE MILLION—HOW THE GOVERNMENT TURNS THEM OUT FOR IMPORTUNATE CONSTITUENTS.

THIRTY-EIGHT million packets of seeds must be distributed from Washington within the next few weeks among faithful constituents whom Congressmen desire to "remember." It is a gigantic task to put them up, but the operation is vastly accelerated by the use of wonderfully ingenious machinery.

The raw material, as it arrives in sacks, is dumped into huge hoppers, beneath each of which is a machine that receives through a chute a continuous stream of seeds from the hopper above. Steam runs the machine, which fills little paper bags at the rate of thirty-five hundred an hour. A tiny scoop, which is a measure so accurate that its contents can be regulated to a grain of weight, moves to and fro, dumping into each bag, through a funnel, its requisite allowance. The funnel itself bobs up and down, and with a knifelike attachment opens each paper receptacle to receive the seeds.

But the machine does much more than that. As each little envelope is filled in the manner described, a metal hand with steel fingers, which is all but alive and human, rises up from beneath, grasps the envelope by the bottom, and passes it along under a roller. Incidentally, and so quickly that the eye would hardly notice the important detail, the flap of the envelope receives from an adjoining roller four little dabs of flour paste. In passing around the main roller it is sealed by gentle pressure, and then is thrown automatically into a basket.

Think of accomplishing all these operations thirty-five hundred times an hour! With twenty-five or thirty machines at work simultaneously, it is easy to understand how after a while even so vast a number as thirty-eight million packets will be put up. The packets are made up into bundles, five in each, and each bundle is finally made secure by three stitches, put in with a queer-looking steam sewing machine. In this shape, each with a label franked by a Congressman, the bundles are sent off by mail.

Most of the seeds are common garden seeds, but flower seeds chiefly are supplied to the constituents of Congressmen from urban districts. Some kinds are difficult to handle—such, for example, as the salsify, which are stringy and sticky. But the machines handle them so that they fall loose, and so make no serious trouble. It is worth while, in conclusion, to mention that the packets hold all the way from a tenth of an ounce to half a pint of seeds, according to kind. Thus a pound of parsley will fill 100 envelopes, a pound of lettuce 128 envelopes, and a pound of lobelia seeds 1800 envelopes. Beans, peas and corn run 260 packets to the bushel.

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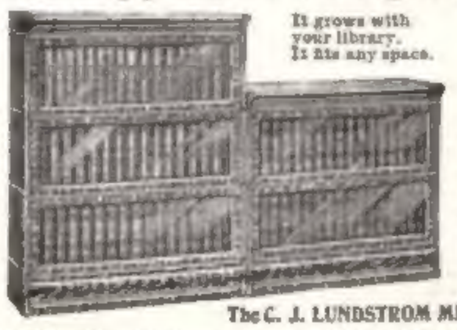

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